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PROFESSOR CRAM GIVES SAM SAWBONES AND HIS FRIEND A LESSON IN GALVANISM.

SAM SAWBONES;

OR,

The Life and Adventures of a Medical Student.

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CHAPTER I.

SHOWS THE PLAYFUL NATURE OF SAM'S DISPOSITION.

D. B. SAWBONES, M.D., resided in a small town on the banks of the river, not a great number of miles from London.

His family consisted of his wife and himself, his daughter Annie, age seventeen, and his son Sam, a year younger, added to which was a

maiden aunt, on the mother's side, known as Miss Muffit, from whom the family had great expectations.

The practice enjoyed by the doctor was rather extensive than valuable; but, having no opposition, he took in all the cases and money that were to be had.

Sam Sawbones was of considerable use to his father in the surgery, where he had acquired a certain amount of medical knowledge.

Being a doctor's son, he had unusual facilities for picking up a smattering of technical terms, and he flattered himself that he could tell a case of small-pox from measles, and was firmly of opinion that if permitted to try his skill he could take up an artery or set a compound comminuted fracture as well as his father.

He carried a stethoscope, and was fond of sounding people's lungs, telling them the exact state of their thoracic viscera, alarming them by talking of enlarged semilunar valves and thickened ventricles.

But, though versed in deep studies, he could forget the globules of the blood in the manipulation of red billiard-balls, and the contemplation of the vital fluid frequently gave way to the inspection of tankards of bitter ale.

Doctor Sawbones had determined to bring his son up as a doctor, and Sam was impatiently awaiting the time when he would go up to the great city of London and commence his career as a medical student.

At the time our story opens the doctor had expressed his opinion that the period had arrived at which it would be advisable for Sam to begin his studies.

In order to make sure that he was not mistaken in his judgment, he invited an old friend of his to visit him at his home, and spend Saturday to Monday, so that he could examine the promising youth and give his valuable opinion on the point.

This old friend was Professor Cram.

Mr. Cram was one of those tough old gentlemen who seem to defy time, and whose age it is almost impossible to define.

He might be sixty, and, again, he might be any way between that age and a hundred.

Certain it is that he was a preparer, or "coach," for medical students, when Doctor Sawbones himself was one of the alumni of the London Hospital, twenty years ago.

He had a high reputation as a man who could help a young fellow along, being familiar with the line of questions taken by the examiners, and Doctor Sawbones resolved that, in addition to attending the ordinary course of lectures at the hospital, Sam should become one of Mr. Cram's private pupils.

It was a fine day in autumn, and a slight breeze caused the leaves to fall in the golden sunshine.

At eight o'clock Doctor Sawbones entered the breakfast-room, rubbing his hands—not because he was cold, but it was a professional knack he had.

When he visited a patient, he would always rub his hands together, as if washing them with invisible soap and water, saying, in his usual bland style:

"Well, and how are we to-day?"

Mrs. Sawbones was making the tea, and Annie was placing some eggs and toast on a tray, at the same time talking to Sam.

"Tell you I won't!" exclaimed Sam, "and that settles it!"

"No, it doesn't, sir," replied his sister Annie. "I'll tell papa."

"If you do I'll kill your goat. I've been waiting to cut up a goat this long time, and yours is just the sort of one that I'm looking for."

"Papa!" said Annie.

"Mind you," whispered Sam.

"Papa!" continued Annie, regardless of the threat, "Sam says he won't take up Aunt Muffin's breakfast, and he says if I told you he cut up my goat."

Dr. Sawbones looked sternly at Sam.

"What is this I hear, sir?" he exclaimed.

"I was only teasing Annie," replied Sam, "and I'm sure I don't want her old goat; there are lots of them about. Give us hold of that tray!"

"Sam!" said his father.

"What is it, sir?" setting the tray down again.

The doctor put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and continued—

"However ardent you may be in the pursuit of anatomical knowledge, please bear in mind that I would never permit you to carry your idea so far as to dissect a pet animal of your sister."

"Sam wouldn't do such a thing," remarked Mrs. Sawbones.

He was his mother's pet, and she shielded him on all occasions.

"That's right, mamma," replied Sam, assuming an air of injured innocence. "I'm glad I have some one to take my part. Kill Ann's goat? I wouldn't dream of it!"

"You said so," exclaimed Annie.

"Didn't," said Sam.

"Dida!" retorted Annie, snappishly.

"Silence!" exclaimed the doctor; "I can't have you bickering in this way; it is unseemly."

"Well, all I know is, pa," cried Annie, "that Aunt Muffin's Angora cat has never been seen since the day she refused to give Sam a sovereign to go to the boatrace with, and the last time I wouldn't sew a button on his coat—all his nasty buttons are always coming off, and it takes all my thread to sew them—the door of my birdcage was found open and the canary gone."

"That is not cause and effect, my dear," replied her father. "I cannot condemn Sam on suspicion. However, he will not be here to annoy any one much longer, if, indeed, his zeal for his profession does induce him to commit petty larceny in order to gratify his taste for the use of the knife."

"Sam going?" exclaimed Annie.

"Going where?" asked his mother, setting down the teapot with a jerk.

"To the hospital. The schools will open shortly, and if, as I expect, Mr. Cram declares him old and smart enough to take his place in the busy world, he will do so."

"Is Professor Cram coming?"

"He will be here to-day," replied the doctor, adding—"By the way, Sam, I was about to tell you that I should like to have you meet Mr. Cram at the railway-station."

"Certainly, sir."

"He is expected by the train which reaches here at twelve."

"I'll be there, father," answered Sam.

"And mind one thing, young man," continued the doctor, "don't get playing any of your confounded tricks on Mr. Cram."

"Not likely," replied Sam, indignantly, as if such an idea was utterly repugnant to his innocent nature; but when his father's back was turned he put his tongue out to its full length, and winked one eye in an expressive manner.

"Pa," cried Annie, "he's making faces."

"How dare you?" said the doctor, turning sharply round.

"Oh, you horrid little story-teller," exclaimed Sam.

"Be still," replied Doctor Sawbones. "Didn't I tell you to take up your aunt's breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

Sam disappeared with the tray, shortly afterwards returning.

"Annie," he said.

"Well, what is it?" asked his sister.

"Aunt wants you."

"What for?"

"How should I know when she didn't tell me?"

Annie laid down her knife and fork, thinking that the steak she was eating would get cold before she could come back.

Sighing deeply, she muttered—

"There is no peace for me."

She was not gone long, and when she made her reappearance her face was flushed with annoyance, not to say rage.

"Oh! you mean thing," she said. "How could you tell such a fib? Aunt didn't want me."

"Didn't she?" replied Sam. "I thought she might before the day was out."

The doctor again looked severely at Sam.

"That's what you call a sell, isn't it?" he observed.

"Yes, father."

"You may think it very smart, but don't do it again."

"There was no harm in it," growled Sam.

"Don't argue the point with me."

"Why didn't she go up with the tray at first? It's her place."

"I won't have any arguing, I tell you."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue. My children shall not answer me!" cried the doctor, in his most tremendous tone.

Sam was silent, per force, now, but whenever

his eyes met his sister's he gave her a look which said very plainly that he had got the best of her so far.

After breakfast he strolled down to look out for the professor.

While out, he was joined by Jim Johnson, his particular friend.

All boys have a chum, and Jim and Sam were like brothers.

Where Sam was Jim was sure to turn up, just as if he'd been sent for, and the same was the case with Jim.

"How do, Jim?" observed Sam. "Who told you I was here?"

"Teddy the milkman said he gave you a ride part of the way," replied Jim Johnson.

"That's true. I'm looking out for a professor who is to visit us, and, if he says the word 'Go,' I'm off to the hospital to start on my wild career as a licensed butcher of human beings."

"Is that a fact?"

"True as I live. And won't I physic 'em and cut 'em up when I pass!"

"Without joking, Sam," remarked Jim Johnson, "the practice of medicine is a glorious thing."

"So father says, when you get paid for it."

"But I mean this. It is splendid to think of ministering to suffering humanity."

"Oh! yes. Very pleasant to sit up all night, with a raving case of malignant scarlet fever, and take it home to your wife and family," replied Sam.

"You won't be serious!" remarked Jim, slightly annoyed.

"Yes, I am."

"I have asked mother and father to let me be a doctor, and I think they will in the beginning of the year. If I become a medical student, you and I will begin with very different views."

"Because I see so much of it, my dear fellow."

"Look at the good you can do!"

"Ah, pahaw! It's better to be the proprietor of a patent medicine to kill worms in children than to be a country doctor."

Jim smiled, and would have made a reply to his practical matter-of-fact friend, but further conversation was put a stop to by the arrival of the train.

The engine came puffing and panting into the station, and one passenger only alighted, but he was sufficiently remarkable to warrant a description.

Tall, over six feet, and gaunt, with a hard, cadaverous face, closely shaven, rugged lines all over the countenance, a prominent nose, like the beak of a bird, short gray hair, very large ears sticking out from the head, and eyes which peered from the sockets into which they had shrunk, this man had a sort of dried-up, smile fitting round the corners of his mouth.

His clothes were of black cloth, and the coat buttoned tightly nearly up to the prominent chin.

In one hand he had a valise, in the other a small box.

"Arr you Professor Cram?" asked Sam, advancing respectfully to the great man who was to be the arbiter of his destiny.

"I am!" was the reply; "and you are—"

"Sam Sawbones, sir."

"Precisely. I knew it the moment I set eyes upon you, for your resemblance to my old friend your father is sufficiently striking to enable me to pick you out among a thousand. So you have come to meet me. That is kind."

"Can I carry your bag, sir?"

"I will not say no," replied the Professor, handing him the valise.

"Jim, come and take the box," said Sam, adding, "my friend, Jim Johnson, professor; he wishes to be a doctor."

The professor smiled blandly.

"Ah," he exclaimed, as he relinquished the box, "you look to me, my friend, as belonging to the genus farmer."

"My father does own a small farm, sir," replied Jim Johnson.

"I thought so; it is rarely that my judgment deceives me. You struck me as being one who is accustomed to see the geese become asphyxiated by torsion of their cervical vertebrae in anticipation of Thanksgiving Day."

"What may that mean, sir?" inquired Jim.

He was greatly impressed by the learned language.

"Simply twisting their necks, my boy. Yes, indeed. You have the aspect of the rural youth, the child of nature, strongly impressed upon you. I am sure that you like to make dogs and ferrets fight. You go gunning. No sooner do the rabbits see you than they feel warnings that some chemical combinations between charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur are about to take place, ending in a precipitation of lead."

"I don't clearly understand, sir?"

"Simply that you intend to kill them with powder and shot."

The boys looked at one another and smiled.

"Jim," continued the professor, "be careful with that box."

"I will. What's inside it, sir?"

"It's a galvanic battery."

"May I ask what it is for?"

"Jim," said Mr. Cram, "this is not the lecture hour, or I would expound to you the value of galvanism to a suffering race. I will, however, if you please, give you a practical exemplification of it."

"Thank you," replied Jim Johnson.

The professor led the way into a waiting-room, and, placing the box on a table, opened it with a key.

He took out two wires connected with what seemed to be some machinery in the interior.

One of these he gave to Sam, the other to Jim, telling them to hold tight.

Then he turned a handle which produced considerable friction inside, and the boys began to feel a tingling going from their hands up to their armpits and all over their bodies.

They tried to drop the wires.

This they were unable to do, and the sharp, stinging pain from the battery at length became unbearable.

"Let me go!" cried Sam. "Oh, thunder! I can't stand this! Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"I say! Oh!—oh! Cheese it, professor. Oh, my!—stop it! Oh, oh!" squealed Jim.

They grated their teeth together, and danced about like bears on hot bricks.

The doctor still smiled grimly.

He redoubled his exertions in the grinding line.

At last the boys fell on their backs, and roared and kicked as if they were being killed.

The professor then stopped and disconnected the wires from the battery.

This enabled the lads to let go and get up, which they did, rubbing their hands and looking very sheepish and silly.

They gasped for breath and looked curiously at the professor and from him to the mysterious box.

"That was too bad," remarked Sam.

"Never mind, my boys," answered the professor. "Remember that the search after knowledge is always attended with difficulties."

He laughed heartily at his joke.

"I think we'll be starting," said Sam, seizing the valise. "Collar the box, Jim."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied Johnson.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Cram. "It won't bite you."

"I won't give it half a chance. The blamed thing scared me out of my wits, and if you want it you can carry it."

"It seems to me that you do not appreciate the great truths of galvanism," observed Professor Cram. "Why, I could wake a corpse and animate an Egyptian mummy with this glorious instrument."

"Go ahead, then, only you can leave me out," answered Jim.

Seeing he was obstinate, Cram put the box under his arm and followed the boys along the road which led to the village.

Being a little ahead, they could talk without being overheard.

"Ain't he an awful mean brute?" remarked Jim.

"Worse than my sister Annie, and there's nothing too mean for that girl to do to vex me," replied Sam.

"Can't we get square with him?"

"You can bet your boots I mean to try."

"How and when?"

"Leave that to me. I'll work the thing as soon as I see a chance. My arms sting and tingle yet."

"So do mine," replied Jim, making a wry face.

Mr. Cram used his long legs and came stalking up to them.

"Pretty country all round here," he remarked. "Fine tints on the autumn leaves. Much sickness just now?"

"Not much," replied Sam. "One ague, two chills, one diphtheria, three old women with rheumatism, four men ditto, one smallpox—and fathers' hoping it may spread—one broken leg, a couple of fellows half-smashed, a case of yellow jaundice, and six babies with the croup."

"That's not bad for one day's bill of fare," remarked Mr. Cram, "though things might be better. Do you sell your own drugs?"

"Yes, we dispense our own medicine. There's no druggist down here. We had a fellow try it once, but dad didn't encourage him, and he committed suicide after six months," replied Sam.

Again the professor smiled benignantly, as if he was of opinion that Sam was a young gentleman perfectly fitting in every respect to uphold the dignity of the profession.

They traversed the next half-mile in silence, Mr. Cram admiring the scenery and enjoying the healthgiving walk.

Passing by a small cottage with a yard attached, Sam noticed an aged mule leaning mournfully against the shaft of a waggon, having its hind leg on the off side slightly lifted from the ground.

On its face was a look of annoyance or pain, such as is sometimes seen on other creatures besides mules.

"That's old Mrs. McCarthy's mule Nig," whispered Sam.

"I know it," replied Jim.

"I'll have a lark with the professor. Hold on, you," continued Sam.

Mr. Cram had been engaged in cutting a stick from a tree, to help him along the road, and he now joined the boys.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam. "But did you ever bestow any attention upon the medical treatment of dumb animals?"

"I flatter myself I know a little about everything," was the confident answer. "Why do you ask?"

"See that mule?"

"I do."

"That beast has been a puzzle to everyone for the last six months. He cannot lift his off hind leg up higher than you see it at present."

"In-deed."

"From being the smartest mule in the district, he is now the meanest and most unhappy; all day he sighs, and pines, and mopes."

"What is the matter with the leg?"

"Contraction of the sinews, they say."

"And he can't move that hind leg?"

"Not an inch!" replied Sam.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Professor Cram. "This is a distressing case, but not, I hope, an incurable one. In the interest of science I will examine this mule. Poor beast! It is apparently suffering, and yet it bears its pain with a resignation worthy of a Christian."

He put down his stick and galvanic battery, walking toward the mule, who took so little notice of him that he did not even turn his head.

But there was occasionally a vicious pricking of the ears and a slight shiver of the skin, which denoted that the mind of the creature was not asleep.

"Ho! muley," cried the professor, in his most soothing and winning accents. "Ho there, while I look at the leg."

He stooped down and stroked the animal's hind-quarters with his hand, preparatory to getting hold of what Sam had called the contracted muscles.

The mule resented any interference with his posterior anatomy.

A change came over the spirit of his dream. Instead of being thoroughly inert and listless, his backbone bristled with indignation.

Kicking out his off hind leg, he gave Mr. Cram a gentle reminder in the region of the abdomen.

Uttering a loud cry, the doubled-up professor described an eccentric circle in the air, and came down on his back upon a heap of straw.

His coat was ripped open, and his vest considerably torn.

"With a groan he rose up and cast a reproachful glance at the boys, who were roaring with laughter.

"Sam Sawbones," he said, "it's my opinion that you are a bad boy."

"That's what all the people say in the house, sir."

"How dare you make a fool of me about that mule?"

"I had to get square with you for the instructive little lesson you gave me in galvanism."

A sickly smile overspread the professor's countenance.

"Oh, dear me!" he sighed. "I feel as if the Monument had been suddenly dislodged from its foundations and fallen on the pit of my stomach."

"Have you got the collywobblers in your pandemoniums, sir?"

"I am unacquainted with that complaint—at least, under the scientific name you have given it, but behold my coat. Its fibrous texture abounds in organic lesions. In other words, it is shockingly torn."

"My sister will mend that," replied Sam. "I hope the mule did not hurt much."

"He is truly a vicious animal."

"The worst in the world. He has killed two old women, three children and a man. Any one who wants to drive him has to light a fire under his belly to make him move."

"I will cast a stone at the beast," said the professor.

He rose with difficulty, and Sam handed him a piece of granite.

"Here is a fine bit of rock. Fire this, sir," he said.

The professor did so, but his hand being somewhat unsteady, he missed the mule, and the stone crashed through Mr. McCarthy's parlour window.

In an instant a fiery-looking little woman, armed with a broomstick, made her appearance on the threshold of the door.

"Och! misha bad luck to yez all," she cried.

"Can't you let a poor lone woman be, widout hurling the stones of the road through the bit of a window in the parlour? Bad cess to yez, Sam Sawbones, and you, too, Jim Johnson."

"Don't abuse me," said Sam, "or the next time you are taken sick I'll put something in your physic that will make you wink twice before you breathe once."

Mrs. McCarthy put her apron to her eyes to wipe away a ready tear.

"Whose to payme for the damage? Look at the respectable old gentleman you've got wid yez. God bless him, and may the saints make his honour's bed in Hivin. It's little I'm thinking I'll get out of the likes of you, Sam Sawbones; but it's his awate self that'll not see a lone widdy with a dirty rag stuffed in the broken pane."

Touched by this appeal, the professor was about to give her money to defray the damages, when Sam stopped him.

"Don't you do it," he exclaimed. "She's got lots of money; all this land and the stock is hers. See's the meanest woman in the world, though she's got neither chick nor child."

"Ochone! did you ever hear the beat of that, whin every one knows I'm as poor as a church mouse, and the crops failin' me entirely this year," cried the widow.

"Ah! I percieve; a miser!" said the professor, returning the money to his pocket.

"Oh, you murderin' old villin, to call me a name like that," shrieked Mrs. McCarthy.

"Arrah! be alay now!" exclaimed Sam, "what's the throublin' ye, darlint. If you don't get inside your shanty mighty quick, I'll fire rocks at you till you're black and blue. You know me, old gal."

"Know you?" replied she, retreating rapidly. "Divil doubt you. Know you? Yes, for the scum of the land! My heart's curse be on yez all. Oh! it's a bitter bad thing to injure the poor."

A blow from a stone which fell on her foot stopped her abuse, and she hurried inside her house.

The professor and the boys were satisfied with

what they had heard of her invective, and they lost no time in resuming their way.

The use of a few pins enabled Mr. Cram to confine his coat at the breast, and look respectable once more.

A short walk brought them to the doctor's residence, and Mrs. Sawbones advanced with outstretched hands to meet him.

"Welcome, Mr. Cram," she exclaimed; "an old friend of my husband's, such as you are, should always receive a warm greeting."

"Madam, I thank you!" answered the professor.

He followed her into the reception room.

"My sister, Miss Muffin," she continued, pointing to a species of fossilised womanhood seated on the lounge.

Mr. Cram bowed, so did the fossil.

"My dear daughter Annie," she went on.

"Miss Sawbones, I am delighted to make your acquaintance," replied the professor.

"Ah, here is the doctor!" Mrs. Sawbones exclaimed, as she heard the sound of wheels. "He said he would hurry home."

Doctor Sawbones hitched up the horse, and was speedily shaking the professor by the hand.

"Cram," he exclaimed, "this is indeed a pleasure."

"Doctor," replied the professor, "believe me, I feel it so."

They sat down together and indulged in another shake of an equally hearty nature.

"Do you want the horse put in the stable, pa?" asked Annie.

"Yes, my dear. Call Snooski," was the reply.

Snooski was the groom and man-of-all-work.

He came from Germany, and, as a rule, was a very quiet, steady fellow.

But there were times when Snooski became gay and festive, pouring rum down his capacious throat in stupefying quantities.

It chanced that this was one of them.

Snooski did not come when he was called, and the boys were sent out to look for him.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENT WITH A CORPSE. LYING on the floor of the stable, wallowing in the horse's bed, was the gay and over-festive Snooski.

"Here's a go!" cried Sam, on making the discovery.

"What is it?" asked Jim, who was close behind him.

"Snooski's as full as a barrel."

"That's lively. You'll have his work to do till he gets sober."

"There's no doubt of that," replied Sam.

He gave the prostrate man a slight kick.

"Gesundheit, Snooski," he said.

"Besser wie Krankheit," growled the unhappy Snooski.

A black bottle protruded from the straw, where his listless hand had let it fall.

"Here's his booze," continued Sam. "Let's give him a little more of it."

"What's the good of that?" asked Jim Johnson.

"Wait till I tell you. He's drunk, isn't he?"

"Blind and helpless," replied Jim.

"I'll have to stable the horse, in any case, and I haven't half done with old Cram yet."

Jim grinned with delight at this assurance.

"Give it to him. I'm with you boy!" he exclaimed.

"You know Cram said he could wake a corpse or an Egyptian mummy with his galvanic battery?"

"Yes."

"My idea is to fill Snooski right up to the bung and put him in what I call my workshop."

"That little cellar-place where you keep your skeletons, and cut up dogs and cats and birds?"

"Exactly. My laboratory, or dissecting-room. When I get Snooski there, I'll tell the professor that we have a dead man for him to experiment upon, and we shall see some fun."

"What will be the probable effect?"

"If Snooski doesn't jump up suddenly and smash him, I'm mistaken."

"That'll be glorious," said Jim. Sam now proceeded to put his plan in execution.

He held the bottle of whisky to Snooski's lips, and the contents gurgled slowly down his throat.

"Lemme die. I wat to die," murmured Snooski.

In a few minutes it looked as if kind nature had complied with his request.

His eyes closed, and his breathing became so soft as to be scarcely perceptible.

It was a case of mild alcoholic poisoning.

Snooski was a slim man, and the boys did not find it very difficult to place him on a shutter and carry him to Sam's dissecting-room.

This was a building which had been used as a store-room by his father, though it had been given up to Sam for some time.

The basement was three feet underground, entered by a descent of half-a-dozen steps.

Light was admitted through a small iron-bound window, but at night a lamp, pendent from the roof by a chain, supplied all that was wanted.

Many a wretched cat and dog had been slaughtered by Sam, and out up in this place, greatly to the awe of his juvenile acquaintances.

The dissecting-house, being in the rear of the stable, was not visible from the house, and the boys were able to carry their burden thither without attracting any notice from the members of the family.

Unlocking the door, Sam placed the insensible Snooski on a long deal table.

Then he removed his boots, coat, and vest, leaving him only his pants and shirt.

Over the body he cast an old sheet.

"We shall have dinner in an hour," he said, "and afterwards I will kid on the professor to come and galvanise Snooski."

"May I see the sport?" inquired Jim.

"Of course you may," replied Sam.

"I'll bring in a couple of boys I know to see the fun," cried Jim.

"Do if you like," replied Sam.

Satisfied with their work, so far, they went for the horse and waggon, placed the latter in the yard and stabled the former.

By this time it was necessary to show themselves in the parlour, where professor Cram and Doctor Sawbones were talking over old times.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Cram, who had been regaled and put in good humour by a glass of sherry, "here are our boys. Sit down at your ease, and don't be afraid of me. I'm not such a very dreadful personage. Eh, doctor?"

"Never used to be so considered. Oh, no, not by any means," replied Doctor Sawbones.

The boys took their seats on a lounge, and, to judge from the general appearance of their countenances, they seemed anything but afraid of the professor.

"Mr. Cram," said the doctor, "we have half an hour before dinner. Suppose you form the boys into a class?"

"A class? Very good."

"And put them through a few questions. Easy ones, you know."

"Easy ones? Yes."

"Just to see what they are made of," concluded the doctor.

"Exactly. Very good, indeed," said Mr. Cram. "I understand young Johnson's ambition is to be a Galen and tread in the footsteps of *Æsculapius*."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to answer a few questions?"

"I'll try, sir," replied Jim.

The professor cleared his throat and drew up his shirt collar.

"We've tumbled in for a nice thing," whispered Sam.

"Don't I wish we'd stayed out," replied Jim, in the same tone.

Mr. Cram was ready to begin.

"Please pay attention, gentlemen," he exclaimed, in a voice of suaveness mingled with authority, such as he was wont to use when addressing the classes he "crammed" for the examination.

There was a dead silence, during which the

doctor looked approvingly at the professor, and from him to the boys.

"Mr. Sawbones," exclaimed the professor, "what would you consider the best antidote if you wanted to throw a person into a peripneumonia?"

"Send him up for an examination, sir, or let him scull a dozen miles on the river against the tide in the middle of a July day," replied Sam, promptly.

"H'm!" doubtfully replied Mr. Cram. "You do not seem to be well-informed on that branch of pathology. I will try you with something else, with which you are more familiar."

"Thank you, sir," said Sam, cheerfully.

"What is the composition of the compound gamboge pill?"

"We never use that, sir. Father generally mixes his pills of bread and soap."

"Order!" cried the doctor. "No levity, if you please, Sam. You should have said gamboge, aloes, ginger, and soap. The soap is all very well, but never leave out the principal ingredients."

"No, sir. Only you do, because you say drugs are so dear, and half the people are such bad paymasters that good drugs are thrown away upon them," retorted Sam.

The professor looked at the doctor and the doctor looked at the professor.

"Now pay attention, if you please," resumed Mr. Cram. "What would you do if you were sent for to a person poisoned with oxalic acid?"

"Give him some chalk," replied Sam.

"But we will presume you could not get any chalk, what would you substitute?"

Sam was silent.

"Would you not display your presence of mind and ready invention in emergency by scraping the ceiling with a fire shovel? Plaster contains lime, and lime is an antidote."

"Excellent," said the doctor, rubbing his hands approvingly.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," said the professor, "you have heard the last question and answer."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are sent for to a man who has hung himself. What would be your first endeavour?"

"To scrape the ceiling with a fire-shovel," mildly replied Jim.

"Pooh! What would you do, Sam?"

"Cut him down," replied Sam, boldly.

"We will presume he has been cut down. What would you strive to do?"

"Cut him up, sir," said Sam, without moving a muscle of his countenance. "That is, if the coroner would give him order for a *post mortem*."

The doctor angrily gave Sam a box on the ears.

"I'll cut you up, you rascal," he said, "if you attempt any jokes here."

"We will try you in chemistry, Sam," continued the professor. "How would you detect the presence of gold in any body?"

"By begging the loan of a quid."

The doctor faced Sam.

"Are you doing this on purpose?" he demanded.

"Doing what?" asked Sam, who was the picture of innocence.

"Ridiculing us; pay more attention."

"All right, father."

The doctor signaled the professor to proceed.

"Now, Sam," said the latter; "what is the difference between an element and a compound body?"

"I don't know," rejoined Sam.

"A compound body is composed of two or more elements in various proportions. Will you please give us an example?"

"Whisky punch is a compound body," replied Sam—"compound of the two elements, whisky and water, the proportion of the whisky increasing in an inverse ratio to the respectability of the hotel you get it from."

After dinner the doctor walked into the village to visit a patient, and Mr. Cram was left to the tender mercies of the boys, who did not feel inclined to spare him, as they had not forgotten his little joke yet.

Taking the professor on one side, Sam said—"Will you try your galvanic battery, sir, on something we have here?"

(To be continued.)

GREAT SCHOOLS:

WHO FOUNDED THEM; THEIR USES
AND BENEFITS; AND THEIR
GENERAL HISTORY.

By the Author of "How to Make your Fortune."

ETON COLLEGE.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON once said that "England's battles were won in the playgrounds of her public schools," and a few years ago the sentiment was fully endorsed by a French duke holding a high position in the army of the late Emperor, who declared, when he saw the Etonians in their meadows, that he understood why English gentlemen could do the deeds they perform all over the world. It is an undoubted truth that the bodily training which an Eton boy can obtain and enjoy if he choose so to do, is unsurpassable.

England's history is so essentially, at any rate in its earlier portion, so much a military one, that the blaze of glory which surrounds our great heroes is apt to dazzle us, that we are unwittingly blind, in a certain degree, to the achievements of those pious and scholarly monarchs who have preferred the cause of learning to the cause of war—the pursuit of knowledge to following the glittering and fame-giving calling of the warrior.

But fortunately the works accomplished by these benefactors of their kind are equally if not more enduring than the glories of martial victories.

Prominent among these is the College at Eton, founded by the sixth Henry. Always a grave and thoughtful boy, this monarch never took kindly to the sword and lance which his valiant father so delighted to wield. He cared little for the pride and show of kingly estate; loved the cloisters better than the lists; preferred the company of priests and scholars to that of mail-clad knights, and longed to change the regal diadem for the cowl of the ecclesiastic.

Unthinking historians have compared this good prince with the great king-making Earl of Warwick, greatly to the disadvantage of the former; but while admiration of such a man as Warwick is natural in our martial moods, yet we should not allow it to detract from the full meed of praise due to such a wise and beneficent monarch as the unwarlike Henry.

We cannot forbear giving the following illustration of his humane and forgiving disposition. Stow relates that, when coming from St. Alban's, the king saw, on his entrance into London, the quarters of a traitor against his crown displayed over Crisplegate—then one of the principal entrances to the city, he ordered them to be immediately removed, saying, "I will not have any Christian so cruelly handled for my sake." This has been clothed in poetic language by Shakespeare, who, in the play bearing the name of this good king, makes him say—

"My soul was never formed for cruelty.
In my eyes Justice has seemed bloody;
When on the city gates I have beheld
A traitor's quarters parching in the sun,
My blood has turn'd with horror at the sight.
I took 'em down, and buried with his limbs
The memory of the dead man's deeds."

Such sentiments were indeed an honour to the monarch's heart, and a crown of glory brighter far than any earthly diadem.

Of him it may be truly said that his crown was in his heart, and not on his head; and often, as he roamed in solitude through the green glades of the great forest at Windsor, a strong desire possessed him to do what he could for the advancement of the cause of learning in England.

"One day, in the year 1440," says F. Y., in an interesting paper, "as he gazed northward from the keep of the royal fortress, this yearning that filled his soul took a definite form, for a vision of a fair college and a stately chapel rose before his wondering eyes amid the trees beyond the little village of Eton, and it did not fade from his view till he had determined, by God's aid, to realise his day-dream by building on that very spot, the 'College of the Blessed Marie of Eton beside Wyndesore.'"

Having duly inspected the College of St. Mary at Winchester, and New College, Oxford, both founded by the celebrated William of Wykeham (whence the scholars are called, to this day, 'Wykehamites'), the king consulted with William Waynflete, then head-master of Winchester College, to whom he offered the post of principal in the new college at Eton, which was, of course, accepted.

The first formal act of the king respecting his projected foundation was his "Procuratory," a document bearing date September 12, 1440, by which he delegates his proctors to purchase, from the bishop and clergy of Lincoln, the site on which he proposed to erect the college. The first stone was laid in the foundation of the chapel, in July, 1441, and the king's care is well expressed in the wording of the letters patent respecting the materials to be used:—"Laying aside superfluity of too curious works of entaille and busle mouldings, I will that both my sayde colleges be edified of the most substantiall and best-abiding stuffe, of stone, ledd, glasse, and iron, that may goodlie be had and provided thereto; and that the walls of the sayde College of Eton, of the outer court, and of the walls of the gardens about the precincts, be made of hard stone of Kent."

The first charter of foundation was granted at Windsor, exactly twelve months after the issuing of the Procuratory; and additional charters were granted October 21, 1441, and March 25, 1442, by which the royal founder gave further donations to the college, increased the number of scholars on the foundation from twenty-five to seventy, appointed an Usher for the school, a clerk for the parish, and two additional choristers, but reduced the number of Alms or Beadsmen from twenty-five to thirteen.

The building was so far completed in December, 1443, that the provost, fellows, and scholars were then formally admitted, with due ceremony, William Waynflete being appointed Provost, which post he held for four years, when he was made Bishop of Winchester, in succession to the famous Cardinal Beaufort.

Eton College found an oppressor in Edward IV., who looked with an evil and jealous eye upon the establishments formed by the pious munificence of his predecessor; inasmuch that for some time it appeared to be threatened with annihilation. His spite extended even to Waynflete, and others who had been instrumental in carrying out King Henry's wishes; and he went so far as not only to curtail the estates with which it had been endowed, but also plundered the college of movables of great value, subjecting King's College, Cambridge, to the like scandalous treatment. His ruthless pruning was, however, in the reign of Henry VIII., stopped by that monarch's restoration of several of the manors of which Edward had despoiled Eton College.

Longfellow says—

"All houses wherein men have lived
Are haunted houses;"

and of course Eton has its "ghost." The spirit of Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward IV., who was sent here to do penance for her faults, is said to haunt the lodge and the cloisters; but we are not aware of any scholar having ever encountered the apparition. Her picture is still preserved in the provost's lodge, and one of the rooms is known to this day as "Jane Shore's chamber."

The foundation consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, and seventy scholars, called "collegers," who are admitted by examination, and are distinguished from the "oppidans" as the rest of the boys are called, by wearing a black cloth gown. The oppidans are so called because they reside outside the immediate precincts of the college, lodging with the assistant masters and dames who reside near the spot. The collegers live in college, the junior boys being placed in a dormitory called the Long Room, which is on the north side of the quadrangle above the lower school. The senior scholars occupy sets of chambers, some of which are next the Long Room, and these in "New Buildings"—a handsome pile of brickwork, which was erected some thirty or forty years ago in Weston's Yard, an open space on the north side of the main quadrangle, inclosed by the

quadrangle itself, the New Buildings, and the provost's lodge.

The collegiate edifice of Eton consists of two quadrangles. The first occupies a considerable space, and presents an imposing appearance, with a central statue of the royal founder in bronze, the grateful gift, among others, of Dr. G. dolphin, who was elected Fellow in 1677, and elevated to the dignity of provost in 1695. This square, commonly called the school-yard, is enclosed by the chapel, school, dormitories, master's chambers, and the eastern buildings, with part of the provost's lodge, &c., and a tower in the centre, whose gateway forms the principal entrance to the cloisters.

The lesser quadrangle consists of the cloisters, the library, &c., and beyond are the college-gardens, and the playing-fields, a large open space, with shady walks, whose academic scenery is heightened by the Thames, which flows beside, and the brow of Windsor, crowned with its splendid castle, rising in the more distant prospect.

Our limited space will not, however, allow a full and detailed description of the various portions of the college, which are so full of interest. The college and hall—both restored some fifteen or twenty years ago by the munificence of the Rev. J. Wilder and the voluntary subscriptions of old Etonians—are magnificent in their appearance. At the upper end of the hall, on the panelling above the door, are the armorial bearings of all the provosts, while the pavement is enriched with the arms of the college, in a field of *sable*, considered by heralds as a token of perpetuity, and chosen by the founder on that account, and numerous heraldic devices. Over the door is a fine stained-glass window, depicting the presentation by Henry VI. of the arms of the college to the assembled officers and scholars. Eminent Etonians' portraits also adorn the walls of the hall, near the lower end of which, on a panel on the right as you enter, is a roughly-cut inscription, now scarcely legible, recording Queen Elizabeth's visit, in 1596, when she was complimented with a profusion of laudatory poetry—no less, indeed, than four thousand hexameter verses!

The upper school, which is the chosen arena for the great annual Speech-day, contains, among the many busts of celebrated scholars of the college, one of the Iron Duke, conspicuously placed in the centre of the eastern side of the room. Her Majesty and the late Prince Albert have their busts placed above a door at the lower end, an entrance to the chapel, in which later building the Rev. Mr. Betham placed the statue of Henry VI., he also having given a marble bust of George III. in the library. The head-master's desk is at the north end of the upper school, and is an enclosure with a low door, in which Dr. Keate was one day crowded up, in the middle of school, and consequently compelled to scramble over the front of his desk—a matter extremely derogatory to his dignity.

Close to the head-master's desk is a door which leads into the library, where the head-master usually takes his classes, and where, too, is the block on which the boys kneel to be "swished," said to be the identical one carried off by "Spring-heeled Jack," the Marquis of Waterford, as a fitting close to his Etonian career. Some, however, say that that block was not returned, but that its purloiner had it manufactured into snuff-boxes, which he made presents of to his particular friends in remembrance of their college days, the tortures they had suffered when kneeling on the block.

The Lower School, among the numerous initials and names carved in the course of three centuries upon its oaken fittings is the name Wesley, carved by the "hero of a hundred fights," the spelling of the name being the way in which his name was originally written.

The Etonians have always been famous oarsmen and cricketers, and while being, perhaps, almost pre-eminent among the great schools in skill and dexterity in handling the oar, they are no less celebrated for their prowess in "the tented field," as is well attested by the enthusiasm and excitement manifested in the occasion of their annual match with their rivals at Harrow. Besides these, there is a hunting pack, called the College Beagles, and an excellent rifle corps.

THE LAKE OF LIGHT: OR THE SEARCH FOR THE DIAMOND MOUNT.

CHAPTER XII.

MIRIAM, THE INDIAN MAIDEN.—JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.—THE ATTACK ON THE CAVE, AND THE ESCAPE.

THE news which Mr. Freelove carried back to his party was anything but comforting.

"Och! by the powers, and is it among a set of pirates that we have fallen?" cried O'Rourke.

"Saprist! growled Raoul, between his teeth, "to think that we who have had such gallant times of it in Algiers should be shut up here like rats in a cage."

"It is jolly unpleasant; but there is one comfort," cried Green, yawning, "whilst we are prisoners we shall have nothing to do, and I am tired of adventure. I suppose they must feed us, and they are pretty certain to keep a roof over our heads."

"The thing that strikes me as being the most uncertain is if they will let us keep our heads on our bodies," said Jack. "These Spanish pirates are perfect devils for cruelty."

"Oh, for!" cried Sam Small, "to think that we should no sooner get out of one danger than we are pushed into another. I don't think it is fair."

"We must put a bold face on it, anyway, Sam," said Mr. Freelove. "Above all, we must appear to be perfectly trustful in these people. At present they have only shown us kindness, and therefore we have no real right to doubt them."

"Oh! that's a mighty fine speech," said O'Rourke, "but, for myself, I would as soon trust a lump of butter in a black dog's mouth. But whist; here is someone coming."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door of the room in which they were assembled was thrown open, and Beppo, followed by some twenty men clad in the style of Spanish banditti, entered.

"Guard the doors there, Pedro," cried Beppo, in a sharp tone.

"Faith, I think that is scarcely worth while," said O'Rourke, "as we can't escape."

Beppo glanced quickly at the Irishman, and then said in milder tone—

"It is but a form, sir; I have to keep my fellows always on duty, so that in case of danger there may be no carelessness. If you relax discipline when you are in safety you may be sure that some of your men will do so in time of danger, and so probably upset all your plans."

"You are right, sir," said Jack; "we have all been soldiers, and know the value and truth of your words. Discipline in the troops is a leader's right arm."

"I guessed you had been soldiers," said Beppo; "that makes us the better friends. You must not be cast down because the fortune of war is against you, but make yourselves jolly while you may. Trust me, no harm shall come to you while you are in my power."

He glanced proudly round, and in doing so his eyes happened to rest upon Gianbare.

A hot flush shot over his brow, and he demanded, hastily—

"Who is this lady?"

"This lady is my wife," replied Jack, placing himself by Gianbare's side.

"Body of Bacchus!" laughed Beppo, "you are a lucky man. But this is no place for so tender a flower. Besides we must to supper, and my men are of the roughest, but little used to tune their tongues to suit a lady's ear. Cospetto, every other word is an oath, and their jokes are as broad as they are long."

"A pretty set of gentlemen, indeed," muttered O'Rourke to Green.

"Juanita!" cried King Beppo. "Juanita, I say."

The Indian girl stepped forward and bowed meekly to King Beppo.

"Take this lady," he continued, "to our Queen Miriam. Tell her to look well to all this lady's comforts. Mark me well, girl, and see that I am obeyed to the letter."

These words were said with such fierceness that most women would have trembled.

But Juanita merely bowed in token that she

understood the order, and then approaching Gianbare, said in a low, musical voice—

"Will the white queen follow Juanita? She will conduct her to the dark queen, Miriam."

"Pardon me," said Jack, springing forward, "but this lady would sooner remain here."

"And why?" demanded King Beppo, a dark cloud gathering on his brow.

"Because she feels safer with her husband," replied Jack, warmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Beppo, "thank you. If I intended your pretty wife any harm, I could have you shot in one moment. Trust me, young sir, that the lady is safer with my wife Miriam than with you, who must mix with these rough fellows. I mean you well—have a care you do not cross me."

"Bear not for me," whispered Gianbare, to her husband. "I can defend myself."

As she spoke she placed her hand upon the hilt of her dagger which she had kept concealed in the folds of her dress.

For all that Gianbare said, Jack did not care about letting her go.

However, he saw that Mr. Freelove wished him to consent, and therefore kissing his wife, said to her—

"Go, Gianbare; may Heaven watch over you and preserve you."

Then, turning to King Beppo, he said in a firm voice—

"Sir, I trust this lady into the care of your wife; but, mark you, it is on your word of honour as a soldier and a gentleman that no harm shall come to her. If you deceive me, I swear by the heavens above that I will have revenge on you, prisoner though I be."

For a moment Beppo seemed to burst into a fit of passion.

He clenched his teeth, his cheek became flushed, and he clapped his hand upon his sword-hilt; but in an instant his face changed, and he burst out into a ringing laugh.

"Cospetto! but I must look to my throne, or I shall have you becoming King of the Eagle's Cliff. But I will not quarrel with you. Your lady shall be well looked after. Begone, Juanita; be gentle with the lady; you hear what fate awaits me if onught befalls her. Body of Bacchus! I shall feel uneasy lest the slightest ill befall her. But come, gentlemen, the banquet awaits us, and my merry men hate to be kept waiting when wine is in the way. Our mansion is of the roughest, but our viands and wines come from the choicest. Every part of the world helps to provide us with good cheer, and as for the expense!—ha, ha, ha! we never consider that."

Laughing boisterously at this last remark, Beppo led the way out of the rocky chamber down a narrow passage into a large vaulted room, where there was a long table spread out as if for a royal banquet.

Beppo had by no means overstated the resources of his cellar or larder.

Meats, fish, fruits, and wines of every sort loaded the table, and all served in the most massive silver our hero and his companions had ever seen.

This table was lit by numerous candles fixed in silver candelabra.

Round the room, leaning carelessly against the wall, were about a hundred ruffians, who were evidently only awaiting the arrival of their captain to fall to with an appetite.

Placing John Bull and his companions at the top part of the table, of course reserving the chief or head place for himself, Beppo struck the board with the heavy hilt of his sword, at the same time exclaiming—

"Now you sea-wolves and tigers, fall to; eat drink, riot and swear, for the night is ours."

The men rushed to their seats, scrambling here and there, jostling and fighting for places.

Lieutenant Pedro Velazquez, the young fellow who had saved our hero and his friends from King Bungeerloo, took the place of honour at the foot of the table; but neither he nor Beppo in the slightest degree tried to stop this outrageous behaviour of the men.

They quarrelled, passed rude jests upon one another, splashed the rich wine in each others' faces, and behaved so frantically that Jack really thought they must be mad.

"What think you of my fine fellows?" said Beppo to John Bull.

"They are a strongly-built set of men, but discipline does not reign here."

"You are wrong, as I will show you presently. No king ever had such authority over his subject, as I have over mine. But I like to see the fellows enjoy themselves. I let them carry on this rough play, it makes them take to war better. Look yonder at Red Ronald; he is losing his temper with his neighbour, Cospetto! we shall have a pretty scene presently, I warrant me. There, I said so. Ho, ho, ho, ho."

Red Ronald had dashed the contents of the wine-cup into his neighbour's face, and then had hit him a smart blow over the head with the silver beaker.

In a minute the neighbour had seized Red Ronald by the throat, and a struggle had ensued, ending in their upsetting the bench or form on which they were seated, and thereby sending some dozen of their friends sprawling on the floor.

Oaths, curses, and groans followed.

The fellows staggered to their feet, and in a few moments a rough and humble fight ensued, amongst those who had thus been so suddenly forced to quit the table.

"Will you not stop the rascals?" demanded Mr. Freelove, of Beppo; "see, they have drawn their knives. If they are not prevented they will kill each other."

As he spoke, he attempted to leave his seat, to go to the rescue of the men, but Beppo caught him firmly by the arm, and with some violence, thrust him back in his place.

"Body of Bacchus! have you nine lives like a cat that you are so venturesome? By St. Jago, if you had, and were to venture amongst those savages, I think they would have them all."

"But they have drawn their knives," urged Mr. Freelove, "mischief will be done."

"Let it be done. I care not, a little blood letting will do these fellows a heap of good. I don't think they will kill anyone. They know that I don't like losing my men. When I wish to stop the fight I can in an instant, as I will show you presently."

Meanwhile the merry little fight was progressing pleasantly. If blood-letting would really be of service to the ruffians they were ready to administer it to each other.

The rest of the party who still remained at the table, ate their food, drank their wine, and watched the combat as if it had been specially got up for their amusement.

But the fighting grew more and more furious, until Red Ronald plunged his knife into his adversary's shoulder, inflicting a terrible flesh wound.

"Hold!" cried Beppo, in a voice of thunder, at the same time presenting his pistol at the men; "hold! the first man that moves an inch I will scatter his brains upon the floor."

The men paused, keeping the exact position in which they were when Beppo first spoke, so that they looked like a group of statues engaged in a deadly fight.

"I think that is discipline," whispered Beppo to Jack, and then he called aloud to the men—

"Stand up against the wall!"

In a minute the men had ranged themselves up against the wall in a row.

They were all more or less wounded, blood-stained, and torn.

"What do you think of those fellows?" laughed Beppo, "what are they like?"

"Like an infernal set of cut-throats," said O'Rourke, in a loud voice.

Beppo scowled savagely at the Irishman, and then said in deep tones—

"You are right—they are a set of cut-throats. Take care you do not offend them. They would as soon cut your throat as look at you. Sooner, indeed."

"Faith, and I believe it," replied O'Rourke, quietly. "They look it, all over."

"These men will do anything I tell them. Were I to say to any one of them, 'Chop off your right hand!' he would not argue with me, but he would do it at once."

"More fool he," drawled Green, "I don't see the fun of that sort of thing."

"He knows that if he were to argue with me, I should call some of my men up and make them chop off both of his hands. So, you see, I think

that perhaps, all things considered, they are wise to do as I tell them at once."

"Under those circumstances, I think they are," drawled Green.

"I am glad you agree with me," said Beppo, with a meaning look. "At one word of mine any of these fellows would kill his brother. I am king here, and rule with the most absolute authority over everyone. I am sorry to leave you, gentlemen. Duty calls me; I have to see to the guard being placed. I always do that myself. You see, if I make my men obey me, I also look carefully after their safety."

"With your permission, we will leave the table also," said Mr. Freelove.

"Nay, that I cannot have," said Beppo. "I never allow my guests to retire before they have done full justice. Lieutenant Pedro Velasquez will attend to all your wants. Fear not; these rough bears will not touch you when they know we part friends."

He bade them all good-night, and, having induced Velasquez to take the head of the table, and to look after the "guests," as he politely chose to call his prisoners, beckoned the men who had fought the battle to follow him, and left the room.

Beppo placed the men at their different posts, telling them that he had called them to the guard because of their bad behaviour at the table, and that as they got wounded to please themselves they must cure themselves in the best way that they could.

Having done this, he passed into a small vaulted chamber, wherein was a rude couch, a couple of chairs, and an oaken table.

This dreary room was lit by a small iron lamp which hung suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

Strangely enough this gloomy apartment, with its plain furniture, was Beppo's private room.

Perhaps this disregard to show was assumed, and but part of a plan whereby he held his authority over his men. He was master of all the wealth in the cave; nay, more—he held all the creatures therein as his slaves, to bow before his will. Yet he seemed not to value the riches in the least. And so it came about that the men declared that Beppo only cared for the cannons' roar and the raging battle; and in their villainous souls thought him above humanity.

"So, so," he muttered, as he paced up and down the cell, "I hold the cards in my own hands. Let me see how all the points stand. Hassan Al Perez has promised me a charm to prevent bullets or sword from wounding me, on condition I have this old man and his son-in-law put to death. Well, that can be soon done."

He drew a letter from his pocket and opening referred to it.

"Ah! here is the passage—he writes—'think not that this is entirely a thing without danger. I see by the stars that they shall fall into thy power as easily as an overripe plum falls to the ground off its parent tree. But the bright star of the Wanderer, he who watcheth over the Arab and the outcast, the glorious Aldebaran, is overshadowed. Beware, they will bring danger with them. I do not know how. The stars do not tell me. Still, I say unto thee, beware! Deadly peril hangs over thee and me. Beware!'"

He folded up the letter, and having thrust it into his bosom, again strode up and down.

"What danger can be near me?" he muttered, "I have them prisoners. I have but to raise my finger and twenty daggers will be sheathed in their hearts. Bah! this is a trick of the old Arab's trade. If he tell me there is no danger in the execution of his will, he thinks that I shall be careless, and so tags on his warning as mothers frighten children to keep them good. But this girl—this Gianhare—so beautiful, so fair. Well, she will be a widow soon, and then she will be my queen. But Miriami! Tush! a slave. A creature who dares not brook my frown. No, come what may, the beautiful Gianhare shall be my queen, and shall rule over this, my kingdom."

He has hastily struck a gong, which stood on the table, and the next moment Juanita entered the room and stood in her usual attitude of graceful humility.

"Juanita!" said Beppo, in a kinder voice than usual, "I can trust you."

The girl did not speak, but she gave one glance

at the slim face, and a look, a pleading look as of hunger, shot from her eyes. A moment afterwards her eyes were bent on the floor, and crossing her hands upon her bosom, she bowed her head in acquiescence.

"This lady—this Gianhare—did you conduct her to Miriami?" he inquired.

Again the girl bowed in silence.

"And Miriami, what did she say—how did she receive the lady?"

"With a curled lip and haughty brow. She would not speak to her."

"The vixen! the black devil!" muttered Beppo, "she dare not cross me. If she do, let her look to herself."

He glanced once more at the silent Juanita as if doubtful how to proceed.

At length he approached her, and said, in a gentle low voice—

"Juanita, my pretty Juanita, you are the only person in this place I can truly trust. The others obey my orders out of fear—you sweet Juanita serve me faithfully out of love."

The girl's lip trembled, and a slight moan rose from her breast.

"I have, Juanita, perilous work on hand," continued Beppo, "if I succeed all my future will be one long bright day of love and victory. We will return to those sweet isles in the far west, and live one life of ease and pleasure. These strangers, Juanita, are my secret enemies. They wish me dead. Mark you, Juanita, dead!"

The girl's brow grew severe, and she half-drew her rifle forward.

"Nay, that is not what I mean," said Beppo, replacing the weapon, "I must see this Gianhare alone. She holds this secret, and that secret I must have."

The girl made a sign as if to show she comprehended him.

"Have you placed her in the well-chamber?"

"She sleeps there," replied Juanita.

"I must see her immediately. You must stand at the end of the passage which leads to the room, and should anyone approach—I care not whom—no, not even if it be Miriami herself—shoot them dead. Mark me—dead, Juanita—dead. You never miss your aim."

Again the girl moaned, but she touched her rifle-stock as if to show that she would obey his orders.

"Good," said Beppo. "Now lead on; be cautious, be faithful, and you shall be well rewarded."

The girl led the way out of the room, and Beppo followed.

Scarcely had the sounds of their footsteps died away when what had appeared to be merely a boat-cloak thrown carelessly in the corner of the room, moved. The next instant the cloak was dashed on one side, and a beautiful Indian woman, dressed in the superb costume of an Indian Queen, sprang from the floor.

Stretching forth her clenched hands in the direction that Beppo and his companion had taken, she uttered a low wailing sound.

"This! this!" she cried in a low voice, "this, then, is the return for all that I have done. But Miriami can hate as well as love. She is no base-born slave like Juanita. She is a queen! Look to it, Beppo. Thou art feared and hated. I am feared and loved. To-night if thou provest false thou shalt die—I swear it!"

Once more she shook her hand in a threatening manner, and then with noiseless steps glided from the room.

She crept past one of the sentinels, keeping down in the shadow of the wall of the battery.

Softly she crawled over the wall and then with wondrous agility clambered down the face of the rock. It seemed almost an impossible thing to do, but Miriami evidently knew the way well, and availing herself of every inequality of the rock, at length reached the foot of the cliff in safety.

She leaped into a canoe which lay hidden in a small cave and swiftly paddled out to sea.

Rounding a point she came suddenly upon a beautiful ship lying moored at anchor.

Miriami raised her hand and signalled the ship.

The signal was seen and answered by a low whistle.

She dashed the paddle into the water, the canoe sped along as fast as the wind, and in a few seconds she was by the side of the ship.

A few hurried words to a man in a low tone, and once more she impelled her tiny craft back to the rock.

Fasting it in the cave, Miriami entered a concealed passage in the cliff, where we will, for the present, leave her whilst we return to Beppo.

With hasty strides Beppo walked to the chamber where Gianhare had been placed.

"Stay here," he whispered to Juanita, "and mind no one passes. You have your rifle. Use it."

With a significant look he turned away, and, raising a curtain, entered Gianhare's apartment.

With a scream of alarm Gianhare sprang to her feet, and faced the pirate.

The next moment she summoned all her courage, and was calm and quiet.

"Madam," said Beppo, "be not alarmed; I will not hurt you."

"I have no fear, sir," said Gianhare, calmly; "only the workers of evil need fear."

"True, madam—and therein you should tremble."

"I do not understand you. How have I ever done harm?" demanded Gianhare.

"By the witchery of your eyes, the allurements of your smiles, the temptation of your beauty. Oh! Madam, turn not from me. You see me at your feet, suing for mercy."

"Explain yourself," said Gianhare, retreating from Beppo, who held out his hands as if to grasp the skirt of her gown.

"I beg for mercy to live. I have seen you, and to see is to love. To love and live without you is death. Have mercy on me—pity—mercy."

"Begone!" cried Gianhare, haughtily; "such love as yours is insulting."

"Madam!" exclaimed Beppo, "your father, your husband, all that are dear to you are in my power. At one word from me they perish. It is for you to save or destroy them."

"Begone!" cried Gianhare. "I know their pure and loving hearts. They would sooner die than I should listen to you."

"You shall be my queen," urged Beppo, "gold and gems, silks, velvets, all shall be yours. Your husband—what is he? A fool and idiot, unworthy of such beauty as yours. Having the richest treasure in the world—yourself, he needs must go to seek for the Lake of Light, which he will never reach. Having happiness in his grasp, the fool flies after a shadow. Turn from him, Gianhare. Be mine, and every wish you express shall be satisfied."

"Base wretch!" exclaimed Gianhare, "if anything could make me love my husband more it is the sight of so base, so cowardly, so mean a creature as thou art. Your very crimes make his sweet virtues shine more brightly. Begone—I hate and despise you."

"So be it," roared Beppo, in tones of thunder, as he leaped to his feet. "I have sued to you. What my prayers have failed to procure, I will compel by force. You shall be mine—I swear it!"

As he spoke he sprang forward, but Gianhare, with the quickness of lightning, unsheathed her dagger and held it aloft.

"Back!" she exclaimed, as she held the dagger pointed to her own breast. "One step nearer and I strike. Even the prisoner has one refuge—death."

"Hold your hand, for mercy's sake," cried Beppo. "I swear I will not touch you to harm you. Gianhare, I love you with all my heart and soul. Think not that you can or shall escape me. By to-morrow your husband shall be no more. You have sealed his fate. Farewell, Gianhare. We shall meet again when there shall be no obstruction to our union."

Throwing the curtain on one side, he left the horrified Gianhare to her own sad thoughts.

With a low wail of agony, Gianhare threw herself upon the couch and, clasping her hands, prayed that Heaven might give her strength to bear the burden laid upon her.

She had not been many moments in this position when she fancied she saw a tiger-skin, which served as a kind of mat, move.

Could it be possible? Yes, it was flung on one side, and Gianhare saw that it had concealed a trap-door, which was now opened, and as if springing from the earth, a tall Indian woman, holding a sharp knife, leaped up the dark opening and stood fronting our heroine.



MIRIAMI RAISED HER HAND AND SIGNALLED THE SHIP.

It was Miriami.

"So," she cried "he loves your pale face, better than my dark one. I, who have done so much for him. I, who have made him in truth a king, to be cast off for such a thing as you."

"Blame not me for this," said Gianhare, "if you have listened, as you must have done to know so much, you cannot blame me. I hate, abhor the tyrant."

For a moment Miriami stood watching the beautiful girl.

It was a strange picture. Gianhare, with haughty pride and dauntless courage, facing the Indian, who gazed upon her with a look of wonder.

"And is it possible," said Miriami, in slow accents, "that you can hate him?"

"Believe me, I do," cried Gianhare. "Oh! madam, from what you say, you have some power here. I pray you to save me from this man. I know not how it can be done, but save us, and believe me, aught that you can ask shall be granted by us."

"You love your husband, then?" said Miriami, in a low voice.

"As my life," cried Gianhare.

"And he—he loves you?" inquired the Indian woman.

"He would die to save me. Oh! madam, if thou hast ever loved, save us, save us."

With a moan of agony, Miriami sank tremblingly on to the ground.

"Mercy, mercy!" she cried, as if praying to some one. "Oh! but this is terrible, terrible."

Gianhare hastened towards her, and would have lifted her from the ground, but Miriami repulsed her.

"Back," she cried. "Touch me not. Come not near me. I cannot bear you near me."

"Alas! Alas!" said Gianhare, "and wherein have I offended you?"

"Wherein have you offended me?" shrieked Miriami. "Think you that it is easy for me to know that he loves you? I have knelt at his feet and loved him with a love that was more than a

love. I was a queen in my own right. He was driven on our island, wounded and shipwrecked. I saved him from his enemies. Oh, heavens! I gave him all my wealth. He became king of the island, and when with his love of adventure he determined to seek this rock I gave him the means and left with him, and now he hates, scorns, and detests me. Oh! may heaven have mercy on me! My heart will break."

She threw herself upon the couch and wept in an agony of grief.

"May Heaven help you," said Gianhare, sorrowfully.

With the impulse of her nation, she sprang up, and catching Gianhare's hand she covered it with kisses.

"Thou art good," she cried—"very good! Thou shalt be saved! I will no longer love this monster! I will tear the love from my heart! Hatred! Revenge! These are the passions I will cherish!"

"Nay, talk not like that," said Gianhare.

"What, would thou have me a coward? No, never will I submit to be treated as a dog, to be whistled hither and thither! Never! My heart cries out—Revenge! No more will I play the dove! All tenderness is banished from my heart! Oh, to think that I should have been so weak, so foolish, as to have wept for him! No, if he has a heart I will find it with my knife!"

"Hush—hush!" cried Gianhare. "Speak not so rashly; all may yet be well."

"Tush!" exclaimed Miriami, impatiently. "Are you mad? Think you that Beppo will live and give up his will? No, his life means your husband's death."

"Oh, this is too horrible!" cried Gianhare, clasping her hands. "How can we escape?"

"Be calm," said Miriami, who seemed to have suddenly grown quiet, and now had a terrible calmness in her voice. "We must work—we must plot. You know not the Indian temper. Our love is as hot as the simoon, and our hatred as deadly. Speak not—move not."

She walked swiftly to the door and gazed down the passage.

Juanita was not there; she had followed Beppo.

"Your friends sleep in the inner cave," she whispered, hastily—"they shall be saved."

"Thanks—thanks! Oh, thanks!" cried Gianhare.

"Hush! not one word more. I must call my soldiers," said Miriami, with a bitter laugh. She drew a gold whistle from her pocket and blew it shrilly.

A few seconds afterwards about thirty of the Indian girls, all armed with rifles, entered the room, and stood waiting the queen's orders.

"Daughters of the sun," Miriami cried, "your queen has been insulted. He whom we thought terrible as the thunder has proved false to our love. He has sworn to make us his slaves. Would'st thou have thy queen submit to this?"

There was a murmur of passion, and each girl brought her rifle forward.

"Death would be preferable to dishonour," continued Miriami. "He would make us all his slaves; he loves us not; we are but his creatures; the stepping-stones by which he hopes to grasp all that his evil passions can desire. I ask you, shall this be?"

Again the strange murmurs arose, and the girls grasped their rifles as if advancing to meet a foe.

"Henrico's ship is in the bay," continued Miriami, in a hurried whisper. "I have seen him to-night. He will mutiny and attack the cave to-night. You must form a line round these white prisoners and kill all who dare approach them. You know this well? (here she pointed to the open trap). By that we all must escape. Remember, to-night the attack takes place. Be ready!"

"Most noble Miriami," said one of the girls, stepping forward, "Juanita watches with King Beppo."

"And what of that?" demanded Miriami haughtily.

"She loves the brigand, and would betray you to help him. To-night she guarded this passage, whilst he came here."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 417.)



THE WHOLE VILLAGE MADE MERRY ON THE DAY OF ANDY'S WEDDING.

SHADRACH O'CONNOR, THE BRAVE IRISH BOY.

CHAPTER XV.

ANDY O'BYRNE FALLS IN LOVE AT A WAKE, PROPOSES, AND, WITH HIS USUAL GOOD LUCK, IS ACCEPTED.

I HAVE already remarked that Andy O'Byrne was a bachelor.

He was, moreover, a "boy" that never seemed likely to marry.

Was it not his proud boast that he had "niver seen the gyrl yit that he'd make Mrs. O'Byrne, even supposin' she'd a power o' money?"

The fact, however, after all, only showed that Andy's time had not come.

All he wanted, though he did not know it himself, was a good-looking, merry lass, with dark eyes, a buxom figure, and a neat ankle, to come across his path, for him to fall in love with her headlong.

Such a maiden came at last, and only a few days, too, after he had driven Lady Seaforth home.

The memorable event occurred in this wise.

A relation—a third cousin, or "some wan aqually distant," as Andy put it, for he himself was doubtful regarding the precise nature of the consanguinity—died, and, as usual, a wake followed.

Andy attended, of course; indeed, he seldom missed one, if he could help it, for he liked the whisky that flowed so plentifully at them too well.

Quite a superior wake it was.

There were spirits galore, and plenty of home-made cakes and home-brewed ale.

And then the company!

It was, in the first place, miscellaneous. Tony O'Rourke, the prim little village barber, was there.

Dan O'Connell, the smith, was there, dressed in his very best, white waistcoat included.

Patrick O'Gorman had left his little "public" in charge of his ponderous better-half, and was there.

Mick Foley, of the post-office, was there.

Indeed, quite a fifth of the whole village were there, not forgetting the sour-faced Mary McCarthy, who owned the general shop, and had been a widow a year and five days exactly, notwithstanding that she had had half-a-dozen offers of marriage since her dear husband's decease.

"Sure, it's not me they're afther, but me money, I'm thinkin'," she was wont to remark; and, in sooth, she never said a truer word in her life.

Lastly, there was present the young lady who was destined to become Andy's helpmeet in life.

Who was she? you may ask.

Well, she was none other than Biddy, the daughter of old Mick Foley, and a bonnier, blither lass never attended either wedding or fair, much less a wake.

You should only have seen how her eyes filled with tears when she saw the sheet lifted from poor Judy Callan's cold, white face.

"Ochone—ochone!" wailed she, wringing her hands. "Wasn't it meself that's been often nursed on yer knee, Judy dear? And wasn't it me that ye gave the pennies to for singin' ye to slape ov a night when ye had the rheumatiz? Ochone—ochone!"

Andy heard every word, for he was standing

close by her side, looking, to use his own expression, "straight out ov his eyes."

"Faith, it's a tender heart ye've got, mavoureen," exclaimed he, in a low voice, for others were near, "and it's a purty face ye have."

Biddy smiled sweetly through her tears at the compliment, and in doing so discovered a row of pearly teeth that a duchess might have envied.

From that instant Andy was in love.

The big black eyes alone had been almost enough, but what with them and the white row of ivory, Biddy was irresistible—at least, to the jolly farmer.

"Won't ye sit down beside me, now?" whispered he, quite lovingly.

"Whoi?" asked the blushing maid.

"Be the powers, I'm mighty plased wid ye," returned Andy, in his ardent giving her hand such a hard squeeze that the tears started afresh to her black orbs.

"Plased wid me?" repeated she, with an air of most perfect innocence.

"Yis," returned Andy, fervently, "for sure ye're the purtiest colleen 'twixt here and Dublin."

Saying which, he led her to a seat, and in the most business fashion possible, proceeded to "pop the question," while the company were crooning and chanting around the corpse, or smoking their dirty clay pipes, and diligently making themselves intoxicated.

"Faith, I didn't think ye were sich a swate colleen," said he, putting his arm round her broad waist, "and ef ye'll only say the word, I'll make ye Mrs. O'Byrne to-morrow—begorra I will!"

As in duty bound, Biddy's face flushed crimson, and she hung down her head in silence.

Andy, however, was impatient.

He was determined to settle things offhand.

"D'ye hear me, now?" asked he in her ear—

"D'ye ye hear me, now, Biddy Foley?"

"Sure I do, and it's 'ys,' of the old man's agrayable," promptly answered she, no longer hesitating.

Just at this moment there was a commotion at the door, and Andy jumped to his feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

A DARK CONSPIRACY.

LET us now follow Sir Peter, *alias* Mr. Jackson.

His long legs soon carried him to his destination.

But it was not the little village police-station. On the contrary, it was Dennis O'Connor's hut by the wild sea-shore.

As Sir Peter, weary with his long walk, approached it, his face assumed quite a demoniac expression.

"Curse him!" he hissed, gnashing his teeth with suppressed passion. "Curse him, I say! Why couldn't he have taken the young vampire farther a-field? His pig-headedness will spoil all."

Then, in a low key, but one full of concentrated hate and determination—

"But beware, Dennis O'Connor! I will gain my object, come what may. Nothing shall balk me now I have gone so far."

With these words on his lips, he cast a hasty glance around, evidently to see that no one was watching him, and then walked straight up to the hut.

All was silent.

Sir Peter tried the door.

It was locked.

Next he peered through the window.

No one was within.

What was more, it did not require two glances of Sir Peter's little sinister eyes to tell him that Dennis had taken flight.

The interior was all in disorder.

The drawers were upset.

Fishing-nets strewed the floor.

Pictures were torn from the wall.

Sir Peter gave an angry chuckle.

"Ha, ha!" went he, "the bird has flown, curse him! And he seemingly left in a passion, to judge from the look of things."

Saying which, he was on the point of turning away, when a prolonged whistle attracted his attention.

Sir Peter started, and looked in the direction whence the sound came.

Some hundred yards off, making quickly towards him, was Dennis O'Connor himself.

Another minute, and they met.

A frown, dark as a thunder-cloud, rested on Sir Peter's brow.

"So, so, Dennis O'Connor," exclaimed he, as he came up to the fisherman, "you see now what your infernal folly has done! No wonder you have gone into hiding!"

"Tell me, now tell me, Sir Peter, have they got fray?" asked Dennis, eagerly, wincing under the other's angry glance. "Tell me, now, for sure I know nothin'."

"Got free!" repeated Sir Peter, loudly.

"Yes, idiot that you are!"

The fisherman's face flushed.

"Sure, I was in hope they wuz drowned," he replied bitterly, "till I saw the look ov yez. But listen, now, Sir Peter, and I'll be afther telling ye how it all happened."

"Save your breath," ejaculated the other, stamping his foot with passion, "for I know all."

Dennis looked at him inquiringly.

"Know all?" he exclaimed. "Faith, how can that be?"

"Because I keep my ears open."

"But sure ye havin't seen the bhoys?" again asked Dennis, in surprise. "What d'ye mane, Sir Peter?"

Bending down his head to a level with the fisherman's ear, Sir Peter thundered forth—

"What, fool, I mean is this—that the cursed youngster has turned up at the castle—do you hear—at the castle!"

Dennis started violently.

His countenance bore a look of blank amazement.

"Yes," went on Sir Peter, "not only he, but another whelp, who turns out to be Beverley's son."

It must be remembered that Dennis knew nothing of Shadrach having saved Lady Alice's life; therefore his surprise was all the greater.

"Sure, I don't understand at all, at all," he cried, perfectly bewildered. "Whoi did the ugly spalpeen go to the castle, now—whoi, Sir Peter, dear?"

Seeing that the man's astonishment was genuine, Sir Peter soothed down a bit.

Then, after hastily describing to him what had taken place subsequent to our hero's arrival at the "big hoose," he added—

"But, after all, what's done can't be helped. Instead of despairing we must act—ay, act, and quickly, too. Lady Seaforth relies on me to give information to the police and excise, and, to avoid suspicion, I must do it at once; so that I fear you will no longer be safe."

Dennis O'Connor frowned.

"Faith, yer right, Sir Peter, dear," exclaimed he, with something very like a sncer in the tone of his voice; "faith, yer right, and sure wuzn't I prepared for it all. Indade, I wud have sallied away wid the captain if I hadn't wanted to spake to ye, for ye know, Sir Peter, that times is bad—cruel bad—and I want some money."

Sir Peter looked at O'Connor fixedly.

Then, a sudden thought apparently striking him, he said—

"And you shall have it, too; but first you must earn it. Your cursed folly has almost ruined us. We must no longer stick at trifles. We have gone too far for that."

"And it's not meself wud sthick at anything, Sir Peter, dear," interrupted the fisherman.

Without heeding the remark, Sir Peter took Dennis by the arm, and led him towards the hut.

"Come, let us talk over matters quietly," said he, now quite calmly. "Let us plot and scheme, Dennis, as we have often done before. Ha, ha! three men against one boy—even though he be under the protection of my Lady Seaforth—are bound to conquer."

"Thru for ye," put in Dennis.

Immediately afterwards they entered the hut and sat down.

The fisherman waited for Sir Peter to speak. He was all attention.

Seemingly, he knew that some startling proposition was coming.

Sir Peter, on his part, sat for a few moments deep in thought.

At length he said, watching Dennis's countenance closely the while—

"You say you want money; I will tell you how to make it."

"It's plased I shall be to listen to ye, Sir Peter, dear," muttered O'Connor, earnestly.

Sir Peter went on—

"From what I have seen, I'm sure Lady Seaforth has taken a great fancy to the young imp. Now, if this goes on, we know not where it will end. It must not go on—it must hardly begin! I watched her closely during her first interview with the cursed brat. She started, she turned pale, she—"

"But ye don't mane, Sir Peter, dear, she knows anything, ye don't mane that, do ye?" put in Dennis, excitedly.

Sir Peter turned on him angrily.

"Listen," he continued, "and you shall hear. No, I don't suppose she knows anything, as you express it—indeed, I'm certain she doesn't. But look at the danger we run—and through your infernal folly, too! The boy must, if necessary, be made away with—ye, made away with—strangled, shot, drowned, I care not what, so long as he is removed from my path. Now, are you the man to help me? For years I have been bribing you. Would you have me bribe you any longer, or shall we part?"

"Sure," began O'Connor.

Interrupting him, however, with a wave of the hand, Sir Peter went on—

"Shall we part, I say, or shall we continue to work together? Answer me; but before you answer, remember this—that once we split, I'm your deadliest enemy. And beware how you attempt to thwart me—beware!"

All the time Sir Peter had been speaking, Dennis had been moving uneasily in his seat.

Though, physically, he was quite a match for the baronet, he obviously feared him greatly.

Nor was this to be wondered at, for while the one was ignorant and low-born, the other was not only educated, but in manner a thorough gentleman, for all the consummate villain that he was.

The fisherman now spoke.

His words came slowly and emphatically.

"Sir Peter, dear," said he; "Sir Peter, dear, it's meself will be afther doing anything for ye. Dennis O'Connor's not the man to lave another whin he's in trouble. So say the word, and he the powers, I'll make meself a murtherer this very night if ye on'y pay me well enough."

Sir Peter jumped to his feet, and grasped Dennis's hand.

His whole bearing had completely altered.

Once more he was the affable, smooth-spoken, though ungainly, Sir Peter Dagnell, brother to Lady Seaforth.

"Dennis O'Connor," exclaimed he, heartily, "you have spoken well. In serving my interests you serve your own. You shall have money—money in plenty, once you remove the lad from my sight. We might have saved ourselves much trouble had we made away with him before; but now that his cursed presence threatens to spoil all, he must die—die, I say!"

Rising in turn to his feet, Dennis cried out vehemently—

"And he afther telling me whin and where now, and the dade shall be done at onst. It's an agrayment between us; and begorra, I'll kape me own part ov it any way."

"And I mane," said Sir Peter.

Then they whispered to one another long and earnestly, and did not part till the sun was setting behind the rugged hills.

Sir Peter went towards the village.

Dennis O'Connor made his way towards the castle.

"Remember the road to the lake through the forest at half-past nine to-night," said Sir Peter, as he walked away.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR HERO MEETS WITH ANOTHER STARTLING ADVENTURE—ONE THAT IS NEARLY HIS LAST.

WHAT a treacherous villain Sir Peter Dagnell was!

A couple of hours after he had parted from Dennis O'Connor he returned to the castle.

"Well, Sir Peter," said Lady Seaforth, anxiously, as he entered the dining-room, where, besides her ladyship, sat Lady Alice, our hero, and Stephen—

"well, have any arrests been made?"

"None, Kate," returned the baronet, regretfully—"none at present. But rest assured the police will not be idle; they are full of it, of course, and to-night you, Shadrach"—here he turned to our hero—"are to conduct a small regiment of them to the cave, in the hope of surprising the villains. What do you say?—will you be strong enough to go?"

"Faith, I'm as well as ivir I waz," returned Shadrach, who, in his new clothes, looked quite a young gentleman, "and sure, ef I wazn't, I wud go inyway, to sarve out the cowardly villains."

Stephen here broke in.

"You're too late—I'm certain you are," said he, tremulously. "My—my father is sure to have taken the alarm and put out to sea—sure to if his ship was not wrecked in that terrible storm. But still, Shadrach, let us go, for my poor mother is—*is* lying there dead, you know."

Our hero looked at his young friend condolingly, but did not attempt to utter words of pity.

He knew well they would have been thrown away.

"Yes, sir," Peter continued; "that, my boy, is just what I'm afraid of myself; but we can but see. Captain Carpenter, of the Constabulary," he added, looking towards Lady Seaforth, "happened, by good luck, to be in the village when I arrived there, and he at once telegraphed to Connemara for men. We are to meet at the lake at ten to-night."

Lady Seaforth started, and turned pale.

Sir Peter evidently noticed the movement, for, looking her full in the face, he went on—

"At the lake, Kate, at ten, and it is nearly nine now, so we haven't much time to spare."

"But why not here?" asked her ladyship, in a low tone.

"Oh," answered the wily baronet, "simply because Captain Carpenter thinks it is better not, in case any spies are about to give the alarm—which, by the way, I think very likely, for I myself saw a strange-looking customer hanging about as I was walking up the avenue."

Our hero was on his feet in an instant.

"Where did ye see him, Sir Peter?" queried he, eagerly. "On'y let me get sight o' him, and I'll warrant I'll give him more than he can ate at wan meal."

In his momentary excitement, Shadrach quite forgot that, after all, he was only a boy—no match for a strong man.

Lady Seaforth cast a pleased glance at him, and as she did so, murmured to herself—

"Would that he were—would that he were! But alas! it cannot be!"

Seemingly, she was answering her own thoughts.

Then she spoke out.

"No—no, Shadrach," said she; "you mustn't run into any more danger. Surely, my boy, you have had enough. Leave all to the police: they'll do their duty."

Half an hour after this conversation, our hero, Stephen, and two or three of the servants, set out for the lake, which was a good mile from the castle, and was reached from this point by a road through an adjacent forest.

Lady Seaforth and her daughter watched them till they were lost in the distance.

"They are brave boys, Alice," said her ladyship, as she turned indoors; "and as for Shadrach, I don't know why it is, but—but I almost feel I could love him."

Her ladyship could have told why had she liked.

But she was actually afraid to entertain the thoughts that would enter her brain.

"I, too, mamma," returned Lady Alice, "feel deeply interested in his welfare; but then, you know," she added, blushing, "he saved my life."

Among the servants that accompanied Shadrach and the others was the Scotch fisherman who had been wrecked with Lady Alice.

You should only have seen how heartily he shook our hero by the hand on meeting him.

"Fegs, but ye're a braw wee chiel!" exclaimed he, looking at him from head to foot; "and I'm awfu' pleased to think ye're to be taken in hand by my leddy, that am I!"

"Sure, ye're very kind," responded Shadrach, as he walked by the burly Scotchman's side.

"Kind, did ye say? Didna I tell ye I would stann' your frien', aye did I. But ye seem to hae muckle of them the noo, my laddie."

"Faith, I can't have too many, I'm thinkin'," laughed our hero.

Meanwhile, Sir Peter plodded on ahead of the little party, who, by the way, were one and all armed, some with pistols, others with guns, our hero himself possessing one of the latter.

Onward, I say, Sir Peter plodded.

Not a word did he speak.

He was thinking.

That he was agitated, too, might have been seen at a glance had it been daytime.

As he neared the lake, this agitation became more marked.

Every now and then he cast an anxious glance around.

A full moon was shining brightly from a clear blue sky.

Objects at a considerable distance were dimly visible.

But there was one object that none save Sir Peter saw.

It was the figure of a man.

A figure that went quicker when they went quicker, that crouched down when they slackened their pace, that stopped altogether more than once, and levelled a pistol at one amongst them.

Always keeping in their wake, the man, whoever he was, stole from bush to bush, from tree to tree, stealthily as a panther following its prey.

Suddenly a twig cracked.

Shadrach's quick ear detected the sound, and he turned round hastily.

"What wuz that, now?" asked he of the Scotchman, who was still by his side.

Quick as lightning, the man dropped to the earth, so that our hero could not see him.

"I thought I heard a sound myself," returned the gigantic boatman, also turning round.

"Most likely it's a squirrel, my manny."

Had they only overheard what Sir Peter was muttering, they would have known better.

"Why doesn't the cursed idiot fire?" hissed he, his face turning pale with suppressed passion. "He's had at least a dozen chances to shoot the brat!"

By this time they were almost out of the forest.

Right before them was the silvery lake, shining and scintillating with the gentle breeze in the moonlight.

Awaiting their arrival was a posse of police, headed by Captain Carpenter.

The captain came forward.

"We are here, Sir Peter," said he; "we are here, you see. Where is our guide?"

Before the baronet could answer, our hero stepped up.

"Sure I'm the guide, sor," exclaimed he—"me and Stephen, here. And it's meself that's downright aiger to be off, though I don't belave we'll be in toime, yer honour."

Little did Shadrach think that the sudden movement had probably saved his life. But so it was; for at that very instant the sneaking figure in the rear was taking a steady, a deadly aim at him.

"Let us go on at once," spoke the captain, after bestowing a few words of praise on the two lads. "Come, my men, we may have hot work, but I know you're equal to it."

Sir Peter looked round uneasily, biting his lips the while.

"What's the matter, Sir Peter?" inquired the head constable, ever on the alert.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," replied the baronet, quickly; "only it's a great nuisance."

"Nothing, and yet a great nuisance, Sir Peter!" exclaimed Captain Carpenter, laughingly.

"Well, the fact is, captain," went on Sir Peter, "in my excitement, I've only this moment discovered that we have left my brother, Captain Dagnell, behind. We really ought to have him with us, for, as an old soldier, he would be invaluable to us, supposing we came to blows, I'm sure though he is."

"But there is no time, I'm afraid, to fetch him now, Sir Peter," protested the head constable. "Besides, one more or less won't make much difference. I pray you, let us move forward at once."

The baronet, however, still hesitated.

He was on the horns of a dilemma.

"Curse the bungling fool!" he hissed to himself. "If we go on, his opportunity is lost, for he would be sure to be seen in the open. Aye, and captured, too, if he fired. Curse him, I say!"

"Well, what do you say, Sir Peter?" put in Captain Carpenter, impatiently. "Really, we're losing valuable time."

"Sure, we're maybe letting the ugly thaves git away," ejaculated our hero, who was chafing to go on. "And, beggin' yer pardon, Sir Peter, I don't belave Captain Dagnell wud go wid us at all, at all, aven if we axed him. Indade, didn't he say as much? Didn't he say as how his leg prevented him?"

Sir Peter stood silent for a moment.

He saw that his last ruse had failed.

Still, he felt bound to answer our hero's questions.

It seemed to him that, if he didn't, he might cause suspicion to be centred on him-self, for he well knew Captain Carpenter was a most 'cute and discerning officer.

"Ah, you are right, Shadrach. I had forgotten," said he, abstractedly. "Yes, yes, there is nothing to keep us. Let us on, Captain Carpenter!"

"Quick march!" exclaimed the head constable to his men.

And onwards they all moved.

Shadrach continued by the Scotchman's side.

"Did ye see Sir Peter's face the noo?"

whispered he to our hero. "He's no over plucky, my manny, I'll warrant. He looks like a ghaist."

From the moment he had discovered that Sir Peter and Jackson were one, Shadrach had felt that he had better beware of him.

Therefore he replied—

"Be the powers, ye're right, sor. He's a great big coward, I'm thinking, and I don't like him, ayther."

"That's no surprising, ava," responded the Scotchman. "And gin ye've seen mair o' him, ye'll like him less, laddie."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 417.)

CATCHING A YOUNG BEAR.

MANY instances have been observed of the peculiar sagacity of the Polar bear. Scoresby relates that the captain of a whaler, being anxious to procure a bear without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of kreg, or whale's carcase, within it. A bear, ranging the neighbouring ice, was soon enticed to the spot. Approaching the bait, he seized it in his mouth; but his foot at the same moment, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with the adjoining paw, and deliberately retired.

After having eaten the piece he carried away with him, he returned. The noose, with another piece of kreg, being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the kreg. A third time the noose was laid, and this time the rope was buried in the snow, and the bait laid in a deep hole dug in the centre. But Bruin, after snuffing about the place for a few minutes, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and escaped unhurt with his prize.

The she-bear is taught by a wonderful instinct to shelter her young under the snow. Towards the month of December she retreats to the side of a rock, where, by dint of scraping and allowing the snow to fall upon her, she forms a cell in which to reside during the winter. There is no fear that she should be stifled for want of air, for the warmth of her breath always keeps a small passage open, and the snow, instead of forming a thick uniform sheet, is broken by a little hole round which is collected a mass of glittering hoar-frost, caused by the congelation of the breath. Within this strange nursery she produces her young, and remains with them beneath the snow until the month of March, when she emerges into the open air with her baby bears.

As the time passes on, the breath of the family, together with the warmth exhaled from their bodies, serves to enlarge the cell, so that with their increasing dimensions the accommodation is increased to suit them. As the only use of the snow-burrow is to shelter the young, the male bears do not hibernate like the females, but roam freely about during the winter months. Before retiring under the snow the bear eats enormously, and, driven by an unfailing instinct, resorts to the most nutritious diet, so that she becomes prodigiously fat, thus laying in an internal store of alimentary matter which enables her not only to support her own life, but to suckle her young during her long seclusion, without taking a morsel of food. By an admirable provision of nature, the young are of wonderfully small dimensions when compared with the parent; and as their growth, as long as they remain confined in their crystal nursery, is remarkably slow, they consequently need but little food and space.

The Polar bear is armed with formidable weapons, and a proportionate power to use them. His claws are two inches in length, and his canine teeth, exclusive of the part in the jaw, about an inch and a half. She will use these terribly in defence of her young. The crews of the "Alert" and "Discovery" recently sent on an exploring expedition to the northern ocean, one day saw an old bear swimming with two cubs. They endeavoured to catch one of the young ones with a noose, but the mother made a terrible fight and stood several musket-shots before her failing strength made her give up its defence. She gave her life in vain, as her lifeless own body and her two cubs alive were the reward of the exciting chase.

PHYSICAL RECREATION.

THE CRICKET FIELD.

IN introducing the present series of lessons in the game of cricket, we feel that we can write nothing that has not been said before concerning this truly noble amusement. Its daily growth and extended popularity speak best for themselves, and so we shall not trouble our readers with any lengthy preface.

We may briefly say that the origin of the game is unknown, and that cricket proper is a comparatively modern game. Its growth in England has been steady and progressive during the last half-century, and now it is at the height of its popularity.

We shall here lay down brief and comprehensive instructions in the game; and if our readers do not benefit by them, it will be because they will not reduce our theories to practice. Without constant practice no one can be a good cricketer, for theoretical knowledge goes for nothing without being backed by practical experience.

We commence with—

THE BAT.

The regulation size of the bat is thirty-eight inches in length, of which twenty-one inches are taken up by the pad, or, according to the more modern term, the blade, and seventeen by the handle. The width of the bat must not exceed four and a quarter inches.

We have four different varieties of bats: the cane-handle bat, the treble whalebone bat, the single whalebone bat, and the plain match bat.

The whalebone and the cane-handle bat each possess peculiar advantages, for which one has to pay a good sum.

I must strongly impress upon all young players the great importance of using a bat in proportion to their strength. If they use a very heavy bat, they will not be able to move it quickly enough to play the ball properly, and are apt, in consequence, to get into a sluggish style of play, which is almost sure to stick to them all their lives. A very light bat is equally injurious: the batsman sees an easy ball approach, plays hard at it, when, instead of going right over the head of long-on, it drops an easy catch into mid-wicket's hands, in consequence of there not being enough driving power in the bat to send it further.

THE BALL.

The present style of ball, with the exception of some very slight modifications, seems to have been in use since cricket assumed anything like its present form. According to the rules of the present day, it must not be more than nine inches in circumference, and must not weigh more than five and three quarters or less than five and a quarter ounces. Match balls are always treble-seamed, and are sold at the average price of 7s. 6d. But for ordinary practice, a double-seamed ball at about 6s. will be found quite good enough, and will always answer just as well as the more expensive article.

THE STUMPS.

The stumps have undergone more change during the last hundred and fifty years than any of the accessories to cricket.

At that period they were two in number, and only twelve inches high. A third wicket, two feet in length, was laid across them, although, with the exception of being knocked down by the bowler, it was similar in no respect to the balls of the present day, as the wicket-keeper was obliged, in order to stump a person, to place the ball in a large hole dug between the two wickets.

In the year 1780, the width between the two wickets was decreased to six inches. It was also at this time that a ball was introduced, for it is almost impossible to signify the transverse stump two feet long, which was in use at this date, by that appellation. In 1781 a third stump was added, and the height of the wickets increased to twenty-two inches. The addition of a stump was mainly owing to the fact that Lumpy, a celebrated bowler of that day, sent the ball almost three times running between the two stumps. This was thought so unfair for the bowler, that it was resolved to increase the number of stumps in order to give him a better chance.

In 1814, I find that the wickets were increased

in height to twenty-six inches, and in width to eight inches, and, in 1817, another inch was added to their length. This, with the exception of dividing the ball into two equal parts, is the last change that has taken place.

THE LAWS OF CRICKET.

The following are the laws which govern the game everywhere. They have only been lately revised by the Marylebone Club, usually considered the highest authority in the game:—

1.—The ball must weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters. It must measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine and a quarter inches in circumference. At the beginning of each innings either party may call for a new ball.

2.—The bat must not exceed four and a half inches in the widest part; it must not be more than thirty-eight inches in length.

3.—The stumps must be three in number; twenty-seven inches out of the ground; the balls eight inches in length; the stumps of equal and of sufficient thickness to prevent the ball from passing through.

4.—The bowling crease must be in a line with the stumps; six feet eight inches in length; the stumps in the centre; with a return crease at each end towards the bowler, at right angles.

5.—The popping crease must be four feet from the wicket, and parallel to it; unlimited in length, but not shorter than the bowling crease; unlimited in length, so that the batsman may keep out of the way of the ball when it is thrown in.

6.—The wickets must be pitched opposite to each other by the umpires, at the distance of twenty-two yards.

7.—It shall not be lawful for either party during a match, without the consent of the other, to alter the ground by rolling, watering, covering, mowing, or rearing, except at the commencement of each innings, when the ground shall be swept and rolled, unless the side next going in object to it. This rule is not meant to prevent the striker from beating the ground with his bat near to the spot where he stands during the innings, nor to prevent the bowler from filling up holes with sawdust, &c., when the ground is wet.

8.—After rain the wickets may be changed with the consent of both parties.

9.—The bowler shall deliver the ball with one foot on the ground behind the bowling crease, and within the return crease; and shall bowl four balls before he change wickets, which he shall be permitted to do only once in the same innings.

10.—The ball must be bowled; if thrown or jerked, or if the bowler, in the actual delivery of the ball, or in the action immediately preceding the delivery, shall raise his hand or arm above the shoulder, the umpire shall call "no ball."

11.—He may require the striker at the wicket from which he is bowling to stand on that side of it which he may direct.

12.—If the bowler shall toss the ball over the striker's head, or bowl it so wide that in the opinion of the umpire it shall not be fairly within the reach of the batsman, he shall adjudge one run to the party receiving the innings, without an appeal, which shall be put down to the score of wide balls; such ball shall not be reckoned as one of four or six balls; but if the batsman shall by any means bring himself within reach of the ball, the run shall not be scored.

13.—If the bowler deliver a "no-ball" or a "wide ball," the striker shall be allowed as many runs as he can get, and he shall not be put out except by running out. In the event of no run being obtained by any other means, that one run shall be added to the score of "no balls" or "wide balls," as the case may be. All runs obtained for "wide ball" to be scored to "wide balls." If the ball shall first touch any part of the striker's dress or person (except his hand) the umpire shall call "leg bye." If, however, the batsman runs two byes from a wide or a no ball, they are scored as two wides only.

14.—At the beginning of each innings the umpire shall call "play;" from that time to the end of each innings no trial ball shall be allowed to any bowler.

15.—The striker is out if either of the balls be struck off, or if a stump be bowled out of the ground;

16.—Or if the ball, from the stroke of the bat, or hand, but not the wrist, be held before it touch the ground, although it be hugged to the body of the catcher;

17.—Or if, in striking, or at any other time while the ball shall be in play, both his feet shall be over the popping crease, and his wicket put down, except his bat be grounded within it;

18.—Or if, in striking at the ball, he hit down his wicket;

19.—Or, if under pretence of running, or otherwise, either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker of the ball is out;

20.—Or, if the ball be struck, and he wilfully strike it again;

21.—Or, if in running, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or by the hand or arm (with ball in hand), before his bat (in hand), or some part of his person, be grounded over the popping crease. But if both the balls be off, a stump must be struck out of the ground;

22.—Or, if any part of the striker's dress knock down the wicket;

23.—Or, if the striker touch or take up the ball while in play, unless at the request of the opposite party;

24.—Or, if with any part of his person he stop the ball, which in the opinion of the umpire at the bowler's wicket shall have been pitched in a straight line from it to the striker's wicket, and would have hit it.

25.—If the players have crossed each other, he that runs for the wicket which is put down is out.

26.—A ball being caught, no runs shall be reckoned.

27.—A striker being run out, that run which he and his partner were attempting shall not be reckoned.

28.—If a lost ball be called, the striker shall be allowed six runs; but if more than six shall have been run before "lost ball" shall have been called, then the striker shall have all which have been run.

29.—After the ball shall have been finally settled in the wicket-keeper or bowler's hand, it shall be considered dead; but when the bowler is about to deliver the ball, if the striker at his wicket go outside the popping crease before such actual delivery, the said bowler may put him out, unless (with reference to the 21st law) his bat in hand, or some part of his person, be within the popping crease.

30.—The striker shall not retire from his wicket and return to it to complete his innings after another has been in, without the consent of the opposite party.

31.—No substitute shall in any case be allowed to stand out, or run between wickets for another person, without the consent of the opposite party; and in case any person shall be allowed to run for another, the striker shall be out, if either he or his substitute be off the ground in manner mentioned in laws 17 and 21, while the ball is in play.

(To be continued.)

THE WHOPPINGEST BEAR STORY.—"I've fought him steady and runnin'," says a writer in the *Revo* (Nev.) *Gazette*; "but the toughest citizen I ever lit onto was a black 'un. He was sitting in the chapparral eatin' manzanita berries, when my dog smelt him and went home. I sneaked up and began aggravatin' him by shootin' at his ears and feet. I then took round him, and with three shots cut off his tail. Old Blacky heard me shootin', and turning around, see his tail layin' there. He picked it up and looked at the trade-mark, and I see in a minute that war was a-comin'. I lit out for a tree, with only two cartridges left and him a-comin'. Well, to make a long story short, I shot twice, hittin' him both times, and he began to get hot, so he took up the tree after me, and I knocked him down three times before the gun broke. He started on the fourth trip, and I did not know what to do till I thought of my Derringer, which shot a four-ounce ball. I drew her out, tied a string to the trigger, and as old Blacky came up with his mouth wide open, I dropped her in. He hasn't time to spit out, and so he swallowed, and pulled the string. Off went the gun, and I never see anything of bear or pistol since."

DOMESTIC PETS,

AND

HOW TO KEEP THEM.

—O—

THE LINNET.

THE Linnet would be a great favourite but that it is not a rare bird. Indeed, this is one of the reasons why so little attention is paid to it. If linnets were rare they would be thought more of, and get the honour they so well deserve; for, though humble in colour, their song is sweet and plaintive, without those harsh ear-piercing notes that canaries so often introduce.

Although of a timid nature, the linnet is soon tamed, and recognises the persons who feed it, especially ladies.

The length of the cock bird is about 5½ inches. He is of a dark brown colour upon the back. The secondary or short feathers of the wings are the same colour; the flight feathers are darker, more approaching to black; the outside being edged with white. The tail is brownish black. The large tail feathers have a similar edging of white; but where the wing feathers are only edged with white on the outside, the tail feathers are white on both sides. These edgings or tips of white are the main points to distinguish the cock bird from the hen. In the cock the white goes right to the quill, while in the hen the white streaks are narrower, which make them not so distinct, and they leave off a short distance from the quill. The cock is also darker and richer in colour, and is a little larger than the hen. Of course these particulars are only needed to distinguish birds that have not passed their second moult, as after that their breasts begin to turn red, which gradually extends after each moulting until it appears upon their forehead; but, as these birds are generally old, the best birds are those with very little red upon the breast. Linnets are scattered over the whole of the British Isles, and in the breeding season are generally found on moors and other wild places, where they build their nests in the furze and wains, and sometimes in low bushes.

NESTS.

Their nests are composed of hay, feathers, and other materials, lined with horse-hair. They lay from three to five eggs of a dirty white colour, spotted with reddish brown.

FLOCKING.

These birds are not seen in any numbers until autumn, when they begin to go in small flocks; but it is not until winter, when the frost and snow drive them from their wild retreats, that they are seen in vast multitudes, and hang about



THE LINNET.

the out skirts of towns and villages, farmhouses, stack-yards, and other places where they can get food, and may be easily caught in snares.

CAGES.

Linnets should be kept in a small cage; those all wood except the front are the best. They should be hung in a quiet place, where there is not much heat, as a sudden change from a cold to a warm place would most likely injure the bird. A little rape seed and some sand should be sprinkled on the bottom of the cage, and a jar or cup of water put inside. When the bird begins to get a little tame he should be put into a larger cage—one about 12 inches long, 6 inches broad, and nine inches high, is the proper kind. This may be all wire, and kept close to where persons are going about, so that the bird may get used to them, when he soon gets quite tame.

FOOD.

Linnets should be fed upon a mixture of three quarters rape and one quarter canary seed; hemp should not be given, for, although the birds will eat it readily enough, it is very bad for them, causing their feathers to fall out. Linnets are also very fond of ripe dandelion head. You will easily know when these seeds are ripe by their turning white, the yellow ones being exactly the same kind, only not ripe. Lettuce, chickweed, and groundsel they are also very fond of; but they should not have very much grain food, as they are rather subject to diarrhoea. A little hard-boiled egg, if you can induce the bird to eat it, is a very good cure, and a piece of old mortar should be fixed between the wires of the cage for the bird to peck at. This will generally prevent diarrhoea.

REARING.

Young linnets are rather difficult to rear. They should be taken from the nest when about ten days old, and kept very warm. They should be fed every hour of the day, from sunrise until sunset, with a little of the following mixture:—Bread and milk, to which a little crushed rape seed should be added. The rape should either be bottled or scalded. It should not be allowed to turn sour. Very little should be given at each



THE COCK LINNET.

feed, and by no means give the birds as much as they will eat, as that is worse than giving them too little. When the young birds begin to peck for themselves, they should have some bruised rape seed put in a jar inside the cage; a little bruised hemp will do them no harm, if it is not continued too long. When you have selected the birds you intend to keep, it will be as well to give the others their liberty. Linnets in confinement sometimes breed with canaries. The young ones are called "Mules." In some cases the Linnet so far forgets his paternal duties as to pluck the feathers out of the young mules. When this is the case you had better put him into a single cage, when he will most likely teach the Mules to sing. Linnet mules are rare; and, as they are first-class songsters, they fetch a higher price than, from their appearance, you would suppose. They are generally dark-coloured, and in consequence a light or pied mule is in great demand. If you want a good sonnet, you should procure a linnet mule. It requires the same treatment as the linnet.

THE CHAFFINCH.

The voice of this pretty bird is very sweet and pleasing, falling and rising like the notes of a well-played flute, and interspersed with rich musical thrills. The colour of its plumage is very striking. The fore part of the neck and sides of the face gradually shade into a deep brown on the back; the wings are black, as is also the glossy head, on which there are two white marks, while towards the shoulders the feathers shade into blue, edged with yellow and white; the breast is red, and the back of the upper part of the rump olive green. This beautiful bird is found in almost every part of Europe, and mostly frequents gardens, plantations, and forests, and is said to have taken its name from its love of chaff.

BREEDING.

The chaffinch, in its wild state, constructs its nest in a very artistic fashion, and so cunning are they in the choice of place to build in that it is

rarely their nests are discovered, being so ingeniously concealed, and covered on the outside with moss, cobwebs, and dried leaves, so as to look like a part of the tree. They lay from five to six eggs of a pale bluish green, speckled with red and black marks. The same instructions for their management during the hatching should be observed as were given for the canary.

DISEASES.

The birds are more hardy than the canary, the only disease from which they suffer being diarrhoea and swelling of the oil-gland. A small quantity of saffron put into the water will cure the first, and the latter can be disposed of by puncturing the gland with a sharp pointed needle, and then anointing the parts with sweet oil of almonds. During the moulting season keep the birds warm and quiet, and feed them on insect food, such as mealworms, ants' eggs, and maggots.

FOOD FOR CHICKENS.

The diet of young chickens should be as varied as possible; chopped hard boiled egg, coarse oatmeal mixed into a crumbly mass with milk or curd, are very useful; but the natural food which the old hen provides by scratching, such as small worms, grub, insects, and other animal substances are the best for the health and rapid growth of the young chicks.

EGGS AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

The increased consumption of eggs as an article of diet in this country in the last few years induces us to call attention to a law passed by the State of Massachusetts. The sale of this wholesome and nutritious article of food is to be made by weight. A dozen of eggs is henceforth to weigh a pound and a half. Inferior eggs must be made up to the standard, and very superior eggs will not always count twelve to the dozen. It seems that the present system of marketing by number is not only unjust as to quantity, but unfavourable to quality. The eggs of well-fed and highly-bred fowls are heavier, size for size, than those of inferior fowls inoffensively fed. Hence the sale of eggs by weight will be a premium on the improved breeding and feeding of fowls of all varieties. It is surprising, considering the nutritious quality of the egg, and its comparative cheapness to other articles of diet, that the consumption is not much larger in this country. At the present time, when beef and mutton are selling on the average at 1s. per pound, a dozen eggs can be obtained for the same money. Properly cooked, with suitable additions, a good



THE CHAFFINCH.

meal for a small family could be provided. It is somewhat remarkable that the lower order in this country are profoundly ignorant of the economic art of cooking.—*Medical Times and Gazette*

FOOTBALL MATCH, YOKOHAMA.—Wherever the English go, says an American paper, they cling to their national peculiarities with remarkable tenacity, and John Bull carries with him a passion for plum-pudding, pale ale, cold baths, horse-racing, cricket, croquet, newspapers and football. There is a British colony at Yokohama, Japan, and the Englishmen have introduced the mysteries of the game of football to the wondering foreigners, who are amazed that the English do not have men to play it for them, thinking it too hard work to be done for nothing.

THE BOY ADVOCATE.

It was the Widow Meeker who pulled the office-bell of Lawyer Monford at the unusual hour of nine o'clock.

A lad with a smiling face, wide-open eyes, a large head, crowned with a thin, yellowish coat of hair, opened the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Meeker," he said, bowing to the caller. "I didn't know you were so early a visitor to friends."

"Is the squire in, Caleb?" the old lady asked, in a tone that expressed great anxiety.

"He is not, ma'am," answered the boy. "But please walk in and take a seat by the fire. It isn't pleasant for you to be out in the cold so early."

The widow walked into the office.

Upon seating herself near the open grate, which was bright with live coals, she said—

"I'm afraid the squire's forgot all about me. It's the day when that case of mine was set down for trial before Justice Johnson and a jury, you know, Caleb."

"Yes, I know," replied the boy. "Mr. Monford is deeply interested in the questions involved. I've heard him say that he was anxious you should gain your cause. He thought you were altogether in the right. And when he talks that way, he always means what he says."

"But do you expect the squire home to-day? He ought to be here at ten o'clock, certain. That's the hour for the train to pass through."

"I've no doubt he'll be here, then. It's now nine o'clock, ma'am."

"But," persisted the widow, "if he shouldn't be here?"

"That would be bad," answered the boy, resting his chin on the palm of his right hand and looking into the fire. "That Curtis, he's a mean, tricky lawyer: he'd move to non-suit you—that is, give the case to the plaintiff, Wilson, ma'am. No; I don't think you need be in the least alarmed about the return of Mr. Monford. He never, if he can possibly prevent it, disapproves a client."

"The trial comes on at twelve o'clock, you know," resumed the widow. "Lord, if that Wilson should gain the case I'd be turned out of house and home, and I've the rights of it. Dear, dear, it would be awful. Tell me what would happen if Mr. Monford wasn't on hand, and no one to take care of me."

"I've told you, ma'am," returned the boy, "you'd be non-suited. The case'd go by default now," he said, after a short pause, during which the widow rocked herself to and fro, nursing her tears. "I, ma'am, have an idea. I know the ins and outs of your case. I have heard Mr. Monford discuss it, and I have all his references at my finger's ends. If Mr. Monford isn't here at ten o'clock, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go over to the justice and have a talk with him. If I can't get him to put the case off, I'll appear for you, and if Curtis gets the upper hand of me, I'll pay for an appeal and reversal of judgment out of my own pocket."

"You're very kind, Caleb," returned Mrs. Meeker. "But you couldn't afford to do anything of that kind, I know."

"Well, then, do you want that Curtis to move for a non-suit? Do you want the case to go into Wilson's hands by default?"

"Lord, no!" answered the widow, in a great tremor.

"Then something has got to be done at once, that is, in case Mr. Monford doesn't put in an appearance," said the youth called Caleb, to whom we may here add the surname of Wright.

Just at this juncture the office bell was rung energetically.

"That's the telegraph messenger-boy," said Caleb. "He's got a message. I shouldn't wonder if it was from Mr. Monford."

Master Wright passed out of the office into the hall just as the bell-cord was pulled for the second time.

"He's in a hurry," muttered Caleb.

Opening the door, he found two personages standing before it—the messenger-boy and a young and very pretty girl.

George took the message, which was addressed to him personally; and as the boy turned away the blood leaped straight from his heart to his temples, and thence to the roots of his hair.

"Rachel—Miss True," he said, hesitatingly. The young lady smiled bewitchingly.

"I called to see if grandma had been here," she queried.

"She is within," said Caleb, making way for his second visitor.

Rachel extended her hand to the young man.

He took it gently in his own, looked longingly in her eyes, and then said, in a whisper—

"I had supposed that I was forgotten."

"Caleb!" she said, reprovingly, and glided in.

The young man—he was scarcely more than seventeen—followed her.

Again in the office, and he opened the envelope.

"A telegram from Mr. Monford," he said.

The visitors turned towards him.

Caleb glanced hurriedly over the contents.

"He says that he could not get his case, Jobson against Jobson, before the court in time, and he instructs me to have the case of Wilson against Meeker put off for another week. Wilson's counsellor, Curtis, will consent."

"Well, that's some comfort," said the widow, drawing a long breath.

She was about to rise and retire, when Caleb Wright said—

"I am surprised. I had supposed that Mr. Monford knew Curtis better. Curtis knows as well as I do, that he has no case, and to gain his suit he will resort to any dodge. No, Mrs. Meeker, unless the justice makes up his mind to accommodate Mr. Monford, and he has a grudge against him, you've got to be thrown overboard, unless—unless—"

The young man glanced towards Miss True, and again blushed.

"Unless I appear in your behalf."

The widow paused a moment before speaking. Then she said—

"I can but lose, anyway. Go on with it, Caleb."

"I'll win it for you, never fear," he returned, assuringly. "There's something tells me that I can manage Curtis, notwithstanding he's an old gander at the bar, and I'm but a gosling."

The widow and her granddaughter left the office.

The relict was in a dubious state of mind.

She had it in her thoughts that her lawyer, Mr. Monford, had been negligent of her interests.

The maiden was happy.

"What if George should turn out a great lawyer?" she said to herself.

As for the young fellow, he murmured, as he took from the shelves books to consult—

"This is my opportunity. If I can speak to a jury at all, I can to-day. I've posted myself in this case. I know it better than Mr. Monford. And if Rachel should be there! I'd be inspired."

Caleb called on Mr. Curtis in compliance with his instructions, and requested a postponement of the case of Wilson against Meeker for one week.

Mr. Curtis rubbed his hands together.

He was sorry, he said; but it was impossible. Mr. Wilson had consented to a postponement on a former occasion. He couldn't be induced to put it over for an hour again.

Caleb was not aware that such was the fact. He had been under the impression that it was Mr. Curtis who had asked for an adjournment, and that the defendant had consented.

However, it didn't matter much, if Mr. Curtis was determined on pushing the case to a conclusion.

The youth, internally satisfied, retired from Curtis's office, and passed directly to the courtroom of Justice Johnson, intending to ask him to put the case over in consequence of the unforeseen absence of defendant's counsel.

It happened that the justice was in a bad humour that morning, and his answer was, that "The case was on the list to come on, and that it could not be put off to please anyone."

"Well, then, judge," said Caleb, good-naturedly, "you won't object to my appearing on behalf of the widow? It'll be hard for her to have this thing go against her without her having a little fight over it."

It even partially restored him to good humour. He gave the lad the requisite permission.

It got abroad somehow that the boy, Caleb

Wright, was engaged to defend the widow Meeker against the claims of Mr. Wilson, in the absence of his principal, Mr. Monford.

Every one said it was a shame, and all pitied the widow.

They were positive she would lose her cause.

She must have been crazy to have given it to a mere boy!

When the case was called the court was packed with spectators.

There was scarcely space for the counsel to place themselves at the table before "his honour."

A jury was quickly empanelled, no objections being raised by either side; and the justice invited the counsel to commence proceedings.

Mr. Curtis recited, in a few words, very confusedly put together, the grounds upon which the suit was brought. He then became exceedingly facetious over the "boy counsel" the defendant had employed.

It showed how weak her defence was—what little confidence she had in it, when she invited a headless lad to come before a jury and act in her behalf.

It was true she had employed a lawyer of some little experience, but of no great mental aptitude, to appear as her counsel; but he had the good sense to back out of it at the last moment, and throw the onus of defeat on a mere stripling—an errand-boy he employed to sweep out his office.

He added that he was surprised the court permitted a boy to appear at its bar; but doubtless his honour was moved by this, as in many other things, by motives of humanity.

Caleb Wright bore all these taunts quietly.

He did not attempt to reply.

When the witnesses for the complainant had closed their examination, the boy put them through a terrible fire of cross-questionings. He made them contradict themselves in numberless instances, and when the complainant himself took the stand, and was cross-examined, Caleb, to the great disgust and trepidation of Curtis, took the whole foundation so adroitly from under the structure of his story that it at last fell to the ground of its own weight.

The lawyer was mortified beyond expression. He could not understand it. He essayed to destroy, by a similar course of questionings, the testimony of the defence, but lamentably failed. He could not weaken it. The case began to look black for Curtis and his client.

There was one hope left them.

He addressed the jury in a way which he thought would raise doubts in their minds—would so confuse them that they would hesitate at every step in the jury-room, and finally give up the matter in disgust.

When, however, the boy arose, he commenced his summing up so quietly and yet so clearly that everyone was astounded, and then, as he warmed to his work, he spoke so urgently, so logically, and with such sustaining force and elocquence that, during the hour he stood before the jury, so thoroughly did he command the attention of all, that the falling of a pin could be heard in any part of the hall. His auditors were spell-bound; they could hardly believe their senses. Was not this Caleb Wright, whom all knew? And, when he had closed his address to the jury, he turned round to where Curtis was sitting, and addressed him in language so lofty, and yet so biting sarcasm, that everyone roared with laughter at the "skinning," as some expressed it, "he got."

It was a wonderful effort for a boy.

It would have been considered a magnificent effort for a man of twice Caleb's years.

Without retiring, the jury rendered a verdict for the widow.

When court had adjourned, the people crowded around the boy, and sincerely congratulated him on his forensic effort.

But he desired that someone who had not yet spoken should whisper a word in his ears—a word of encouragement.

It came to him in a few moments.

A soft, small, white hand stole tremblingly into one of his.

And then a low sweet voice said—

"Oh, dear Caleb, I'm so glad!"

It was enough. He asked no other fee.

Caleb Wright (the name is assumed here) subsequently rose to eminence at the bar.

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND USEFUL INFORMATION.

Contributions from subscribers are invited for this column.

ANGLO-SAXON HISTORY.

FROM the pen of that distinguished anti-quarian scholar, Francis Palgrave, Esq. F.R.S. &c., we quote two passages, and especially direct the attention of the reader to them—

STONEHENGE.

THE temples in which the Britons worshipped their Deities, were composed of large, rough stones, disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are yet existing; such is Stonehenge, near Salisbury: the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, gray with age; and the structure is yet sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large, that the structure seems to have been raised by more than human power. Hence, "Choir-gaur" was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art. All around you in the plain, you will see mounds of earth or "tumuli" beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and there they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primeval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow-heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber; for the Britons probably believed that the dead yet delighted in those things which had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the inclinations and affections of mortality.

LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

LONDON was quite unlike the great metropolis which we now inhabit. Its extent was confined to what is now termed "the City," then surrounded by a wall, built, as it is supposed, about the age of Constantine, and of which a few fragments are existing. All around was open country. Towards the north-east a deep marsh, the name is yet preserved in Moorfields, extended to the foot of the Roman ramparts. On the western side of the city, and at the distance of nearly two miles, the branches of a small river which fell into the Thames formed an island, overgrown with thickets and brushwood, that the Saxons called it "Thorney," or the "Isle of Thorns." The river surrounding Thorney crept sullenly along the "plashy soil; and the spot was so wild and desolate, that it is described as a fearful and terrible place, which no one could approach after nightfall without great danger. In this island there had been an ancient Roman temple, consecrated to Apollo. And Sebect, perhaps on account of the seclusion which Thorney afforded, resolved to build a church on the site, and he dedicated the fabric to St. Peter the Apostle. This church is now Westminster Abbey; the busy city of Westminster is old Thorney Island, that seat of desolation; and the bones of Sebect yet rest in the structure which he founded. Another great church was built by Sebect, in the city of London, upon the ruins of the heathen temple of Diana. This church is now St. Paul's Cathedral; and Mellitus being appointed the first Bishop by Ethelbert and Sebect, the succession has continued to the present day.

THERE are some science, a little mystery, and a good deal of uncertainty about the game of croquet. The other day, when a clergyman made an evening call on one of his congregation, and was invited to play a game, he said that he was only too glad, remarking that such social games served sometimes to place pastor and parishioner on a more friendly footing. Before the first game was over a young lady hit him in the back with her mallet; he fell over a hoop, and two of the players decided never to darken his church again, on account of his cheating.

MARK TWAIN'S description of the happiest boy in the village—"Huckleberry" was always dressed in the cast-off clothes of full-grown men, and they were in perennial bloom and fluttering with rage. His hat was a vast ruin, with a wide

creased looped out of its brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels, and had the rearward buttons far down the back; but one suspender supported his trousers; the seat of his trousers bagged low and contained nothing; the fringed legs dragged in the dirt when not rolled up. Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He slept on doorsteps in fine weather, and in empty hogheads in wet; he did not have to go to school or to church, or call any being master, or obey anybody; he could go fishing or swimming when or where he chose, and stay as long as it suited him; nobody forbade him to fight; he could sit up as late as he pleased; he was always the first boy that went barefoot in the spring, and the last to resume leather in the fall; he never had to wash, nor put on clean clothes; he could swear wonderfully. In a word, everything that goes to make life happy that boy had."

EPITAPHS.

ON ANN JENNINGS, AT WOLSTANTON.
Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

One Line of Eight Words 0 0 1
Trade Advs. Twenty Words ... 0 0 6



STANLEY, GIBBONS, & Co., GOWER-STREET, LONDON.

Send this advertisement and 7 stamps to C. Tupper, 8, Hillbrook-terrace, Fulham, for the great summer novelty, a Performing Nose.

Sheets sent on approval. Good Continental 1s. 3d. 1000 Post free. Collections bought. Agents wanted.

F. Droufield, 50, Berkeley-street, Liverpool.
Notice! Notice!! Notice!!! Given away to the readers of the "Young Briton," E. B. Hollie's Formula for producing luxuriant mustaches in three weeks. Failure impossible. No formula will be forwarded without this advertisement together with one stamp to pay postage.—E. B. Hollie, Hairdresser, Hill-street, Liverpool.

Collectors of foreign stamps will do well to notice that R. Stokes, 18, Highgate-place, Moseley-road, Birmingham, has a large and varied assortment at the lowest possible prices. Prospectus sent on receipt of halfpenny stamp. Liberal terms for agents.

Look here! By sending six stamps you will receive by return of post three receipts to make lemonade, ginger beer and sherbet.—A. T., 66, Camden-street, Walworth.

James Thomson, 182, North-street, Glasgow. 60 for 4d., and 120 for 7d. post free. Celebrated "Please All" packets, in praise of which, J. T. has during the last six years received hundreds of unsolicited letters. Packets include Peru, Russia, Dutch, Indies, Chili, Oldenburg, Nova Scotia, St. Lucia, Ionian, Spain, Orange States, Hong Kong, Brazil, Sweden, and others rare. Gratis with 7d. packet two good unused stamps. Agents wanted, high commission. Sheets sent on approval.

C. H. Hill, 9, Buckingham-buildings, Hillhead, Glasgow. 110 for 6d., 240 for 1s., 1,000 for 2s. 10d. All post-free. All unequalled. Try one. Each contains two different of Java, Serbia, Guiana, Oldenburg, Hamburg, Russia, Paraguay, Ionian Islands, Chili, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Hong Kong, &c., &c. Gratis, with 2s. 10d. packet, three sets. Cheapest packets ever offered. Agents wanted. High rate of payment.

For sale of good exchange. A very powerful double field glass, with case and sling, cost 30s. A 30 key concertina, slightly damaged. And a splendid magic lantern with A. T., 34, Park Crescent-road, Brighton.

D. Smith wants to buy rare foreign stamps. Will give from 1s. to £1 per 100. Send on approval, 5, Sheffield-street, London, W.C.

Amateur authors wanted as contributors. Send stamp for particulars. Manager, 67, Alt-street, Windsor, Liverpool.

Hol oray's Pills are the proper medicine for people whose faculties are exhausted by excessive heat, too much work, or over indulgence. A few doses of these Pills always prove a simple, safe, and cooling treatment for all stomach and liver complaints. A larger course will set right every organ whose action is impaired, and strengthen every structure whose tone is diminished, and remove that blood whose purity is tainted. Giddiness, headache, nausea, flatulency, and all other dyspeptic symptoms yield to the corrective Pills, which lay siege to the seat of these distressing sensations, and carry off, without any pain or other disagreeable drawback, those peccant matters which are disordering the entire human machine.

PUZZLES.

Contributions to this column must be strictly original; written on one side of the paper only, in a fairly legible hand; and have a correct solution duly attached. Solutions to the following will appear in No 424. All solvers must send in their answers within a week of publication. Correct solutions only will be acknowledged.

35.

ENIGMATICAL TOWNS.

1. A vowel; a place for wine; a consonant; and a Russian river.
2. Battles; to pull a bell; and a weight.
3. A man's name and a preposition.
4. A kind of water-fowl and a large space of water.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

36.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole I am a French town; change my head and I am a chart; change yet again and I am what is put in a cask.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

37.

ARITHMOREM.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|
| 1,000 and here. | A part of all Turkish palaces. |
| 550 — | o. Not young. |
| 550 — | sgatoe. A man's name, |
| 1,050 — | as. Charity. |
| 551 — | ernag. A boy's name. |
| 1,000 — | tasho. A boy's name. |
| 50 — | hta. A military order. |
| 5 — | cho. A place near Brighton. |
| 550 — | reco. A command. |
| 50 — | rsuas. A Swedish government. |
| 501 — | neo. A town in Palestine. |
| 100 — | yreortu. An Irish Town. |
- My initials name a well-known publishing office.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

38.

SQUARE WORD.

- Charity.
- A tramp.
- Dumb.
- To walk.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

39.

SQUARE WORD.

- To stop.
- An adverb.
- A material.
- A kind of omnibus.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

40.

ANAGRAMS ON RUSSIAN RIVERS.

1. Cora h pet
2. E van.
3. Epe Ned;
4. Men in e.
5. A log v.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

41.

ANAGRAM.

1. On him.
2. Or he.
3. E sugar.
4. X ear w.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

42.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- A consonant,
- A total,
- A small piece of rock,
- An Irish town
- A relation,
- A number,
- A consonant.

Centrals read down and across name an Irish town.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

43.

SQUARE WORD.

- An Indian division,
- A kind of cart,
- A conjunction.

ERNEST GEORGE LOVELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 420.

1. Holyrood—Hanover, Ohio, 10, Yard. 2. Unity, Nerea, Irene, Tenor, Yaarn, (years, transposed). 3. Cere, Sport, Epicure, Crocodile, Erudite, Brito, Ete, E. 4. Jalap, Above, Loser, Ayer, Perib. 5. Sacred. 6. I-van-hoe. 7. Galley, Ella, Penman, Mane, Bearly, Lash Latch, Oct. 8. Plow-bare. 9. Lethe, Ethel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

All letters must be addressed to George Emmett Young Briton, Hogarth House, St. Bride's Avenue, London, E.C.

BLUE JACKET.—Yes; there is an opportunity to enter Her Majesty's dockyards as apprentices, the particulars are as follows:—The situations are open to public competition. Applications for vacancies must be made to the Superintendents of the Dockyards of any of the following places, viz., Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Devonport, and Pembroke, before the last of May in each year. Candidates must not be under the age of 14, nor above the age of 15 years on the first day of examination. Proof of age and evidence as to respectability must be furnished. Candidates of 14 years of age must possess the following physical qualifications:—Height 4ft. 8in., weight 90lb., chest measurement, 26in., and have a fair knowledge of arithmetic, spelling, handwriting, reading, grammar, English composition, geography, Euclid, first three books, Algebra, up to and including quadratic equations, arithmetical and geometrical progression. Candidates will be subjected to a preliminary examination in the first four subjects, and should they fail in any of the four, they will be at once rejected. Those who pass the preliminary examination will then undergo a competitive examination, and the candidates who display a competent knowledge of all the above subjects will be eligible for appointment in the various trades according to their position on the Examination List. Apprentices will be bound by indentures for seven years, and no candidate will be entered unless some relative or friend is able and willing to undertake the duty of the second party to the indenture as to the support, &c., of the apprentice during his apprenticeship. Board-wages will only be allowed in the case of boys whose fathers have died or been killed in the service, and when it can be proved the family is distressed circumstances or in other very special cases. On the expiration of their service, apprentices will receive a certificate of their character and conduct, the progress they have made in their trade. The pay of apprentices serving in the dockyards is for the first year 8s. a week; second year 4s. 6d.; third year 6s.; fourth year 7s. 6d.; fifth year 9s.; sixth year 10s. 6d.; seventh year 12s. From among those who have passed five years at the dockyards will be selected annually by competitive examination for study at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. They will there remain in three terms, passing the vacation at one of the dockyards. Those selected for study at Greenwich must furnish with their parents or guardians in a bond for the sum of £250 to serve under the Admiralty for seven years if required after completion of their apprenticeship. While at Greenwich Dockyard, apprentices will be lodged, and will receive 18d. a day towards the mess. They will mess with the Acting and Assistant Engineers and Engineer Students. They will receive pay as follows:—In their first year at Greenwich, 21s. a week; those in their second and third year, 22s. 6d. When at their own dockyards during the vacation, they will receive their pay as above, but not the mess allowance. When at their dockyards, the mess allowance will be granted. If found well qualified at the completion of the course at Greenwich they may be sent to sea in one of Her Majesty's ships for one year; the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty think it desirable, and will then appoint Assistants to the Foremen of the dockyards or to any other post for which they may be considered fit. There, Blue Jacket at your urgent request, we have furnished you with all the information upon the subject at our command, and we hope it will prove of advantage to others of our subscribers besides you. Some day we may perhaps publish a story of real life aboard a man-of-war. Thanks for commendations. Bracebridge Henry's new story begins in this number.

H. F. DAWLING.—A good cement for wood is made of a mixture of the following ingredients:—Lime, clay, and oxide of iron calcined separately, and reduced to a fine powder and then well mixed with a sufficient quantity of water when used. This will render a water vessel quite water tight. A good imitation of frosted glass is made by covering sheets of glass, placed horizontally, with a strong solution of sulphate of zinc. The salt crystallises on drying. We are glad to hear that you have derived some benefit from our articles on swimming. You should not sit about without your clothes if you feel chilly after leaving the water. The Royal Humane Society has issued the following excellent instructions for the guidance of beavers: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling off or perspiring; and avoid bathing altogether in the open air, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water. Leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for it is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation at other causes of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without consulting their medical adviser. "You will do well to follow this advice. We are glad the "Lake of Light" pleases you.

X. Y. Z.—We are not at liberty to divulge the author's name; if you guess again you may perhaps guess right. In reference to bathing, see answer to H. F. Dawling. We do not know the exact number.

ADAM P.—It is scarcely the right season for Pharaoh's Serpents, but we will give you the required information to make them. Take equal parts by weight of yellow prussiate of potash and flowers of sulphur, and dissolve in a crucible. It is sometimes advisable, if the heat cannot be well regulated, to include a little carbonate of potash, dissolve the mass and filter, then add the liquid to a solution of mercury dissolved in nitric acid which gives a copious precipitate of sulphocyanide of mercury. Collect this, wash well with water and dry, from this make small pyramids, which cover with tinfoil, and when dry it is ready to be lighted. We cannot tell you at present. Thanks for good wishes.

J. R. S.—We gave last week an article upon canaries, and a second instalment appears in the present number. You may rely upon the information given in our articles on "Domestic Pets," as it is taken from the most trustworthy sources. Writing rather above the average; fit for a bank, or any commercial pursuit.

TOMMY.—We are not aware of any remedy. The person you speak of is an herbalist, but we do not hold him very high in our estimation. Watch the Announcement column. 3. Puzzles committed to the W.P.B., being a long way behind the standard for publication. Don't be daunted by a failure; it is only by persistence—trying, and trying, and trying again, that anything like perfection is attained in any direction. After you have composed a puzzle, read it over very carefully, looking to the metre, &c.; then read it aloud to a friend, or your father; and in this manner detect natural to the first rough copy will be soon eliminated and you will have the gratification of seeing your name upon the long roll of our puzzle contributors.

M. J.—"Our Boys' School Club" is still continued in the pages of our companion journal the "Young Englishman," although from the presence of Mr. T. R. on the page it is occasionally omitted. If you have rashly thrown up the Y.E.B. because you did not find the School Club one week, you had better resume your subscription, and obtain the back numbers. 2. Thanks for praises of "Shadrach O'Connor" and "The Young Scouts."

A. J. S.—At the present time there is no holder of the proud post of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland. The following are the names of the Commissioners appointed for executing the office:—The First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, G.C.B.; Vice-Admiral George Fitz Alexander Philipps (who is in command of the British squadron now anchored in Boka Bay); Captain the Right Hon. Lord Gifford, R.N.; and Sir L. Masey Lopes, Bart., M.P.

TRIMOUS.—The House Sparrow, or Passer domesticus, has a short plump body, thick beak, is very impudent and does not sing, but merely chirp, which to the Londoners is very pleasant. The Hedge Sparrow or Accipiter Nidularius has a smaller head and a finer beak, as well as the soft-billed or insect-feeding bird; but the main difference will be found in the colour; the House Sparrow is dusky and less bright about the wings than the Hedge Sparrow; and bolder, as well as the latter's food, and is a true farmer's friend.

SUFFERER.—We should recommend Sufferer to eat the young leaves of the dandelion; he would find it answer better than extracting the juice from it.

MANFRED.—Take one pound of freshandelion root bruise in a mortar or cut very small. Add 2 quarts of water. Boil for two hours and strain into a pan. Let it stand for a week or ten days, when the extract will be to the bottom. Carefully pour off the supernatant liquor and remove the extract with a knife; dry on plates with gentle heat to a suitable consistency. The above is a most effectual remedy for liver complaints.

NATURALIST.—The hedgehog is very good to eat; all it requires is to be cooked. The best way to cook them is to put a thin coating of clay over them and bury them in the fire for four or five hours according to size. When done the clay will easily come off, bringing the coat of the hedgehog with it, leaving a very dainty dish. They are useful in a garden or under-ground kitchen, where they eat beetles and insects.

PIGEON FANCY.—It is perfectly right for the cook to take his turn at sitting. You will find them regular as to hours, but if the eggs get cold, they will be useless; the cook generally feeds the hen, and drives her to the nest.

RUSTIC.—In the cultivation of the pineapple in Britain, a tropical heat must always be maintained. They are cultivated in hotbeds specially prepared for them, sometimes in flued pits, sometimes even without fire pits. One method is to sow the plant in pots sunk to the depth in tanner's bark or other fermenting matter, and these must be transferred from one compartment to another according to their state of advancement; three years' culture being deemed necessary from the planting of a crown or sucker to the production of ripe fruit. Another method is to plant in beds—fruit of the best quality is sometimes obtained in fifteen months. The best soil is a rich and rather sandy loam. It is often formed from the turf of old pastures with dung, peat, and sand thoroughly mixed. Ventilation must be freely allowed from time to time, but care must be taken to keep the atmosphere damp or moist.

STUDENT.—When Milton was a student at Cambridge, Hobson was a job master, and used to let horses to the students, but as every horse had to do his share of work, they were let in rotation; thus with the students came the expression, "it is Hobson's choice," as they could only hire the horse whose turn was next.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE OY IS STILL THEY COME.
Another glorious tale is in preparation for this Journal by the talented author of

BRAVE TOM AND SAUCY CHARLIE,
Look out for further particulars.

THE NEW TALE,
by the boys' favourite author will surpass all he has yet done in screaming fun and comical incidents.

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